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Cricket comes to India
- a special feature

Down
the
Ages - 3
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Cultivate the reading habit



Children are used to listening to stories narrated by grown-ups. Grandmothers telling them stories was once a common activity in homes. Then came books with such stories, for children to read for themselves, when grandmothers or other elders were not present or were not available. The growth of what is known as children's literature has been a phenomenon, as there are children's books in every language, in every country. In India too, which is a vast country, books have been written, printed, and published. And there were readers, too, who enjoyed going through them for entertainment, knowledge, and education. However, there are not enough number of books to go round and reach each and every child.

Take that small island nation Singapore, where some novel experiments are being successfully carried out by, for example, the Singapore Indian Development Association. Like "Project Read." Once or twice a week, volunteers from SINDA visit homes and read books to children. There are "Reading Centres" which promote the reading habit in children. These centres are also run by volunteers. Children regularly visit these centres. There are also "Library Helpdesks" functioning at Community and Regional libraries. This facility is used by whole families. In short books do reach children.

In India, the library movement is strong in several States. There should then never be a decline in the reading habit. Books are meant for reading. "Reading maketh the perfect man" - as the saying goes.

Words of Wisdom

It couldn't be done

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle right in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

- Edgar A. Guest

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

Heroes of India - 18

Here are some of the leaders of our nationalist movement. Do you know them?

1

I was the President of the Indian National Congress in 1905. A moderate by principle, I founded the Servants of India Society. Who am I?

2

I presided over the 34th session of the Indian National Congress in 1918. I founded a new party in 1934 with M.S. Aney. What is my name?

3

I successfully resisted an attack on my kingdom in Kerala by the British army. I've been called Kerala Simham. Don't you know me?

4

I was the first of the four Indians to qualify for the Indian Civil Service. I am also known as the father of Indian nationalism. What's my name?

5

I gave up my legal practice in 1921, and formed the Swarajya Party in 1923. You know me, don't you?

Three all correct entries will receive bicycles as awards.*



Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite nationalist hero is**

.....

Name of participant:.....

..... Age:..... Class:.....

Address:.....

.....

Pin:..... Ph:.....

Signature of participant:.....

Signature of parent:.....

Please tear off this page and mail it to

Heroes of India Quiz-18

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On/before **April 5, 2003.**

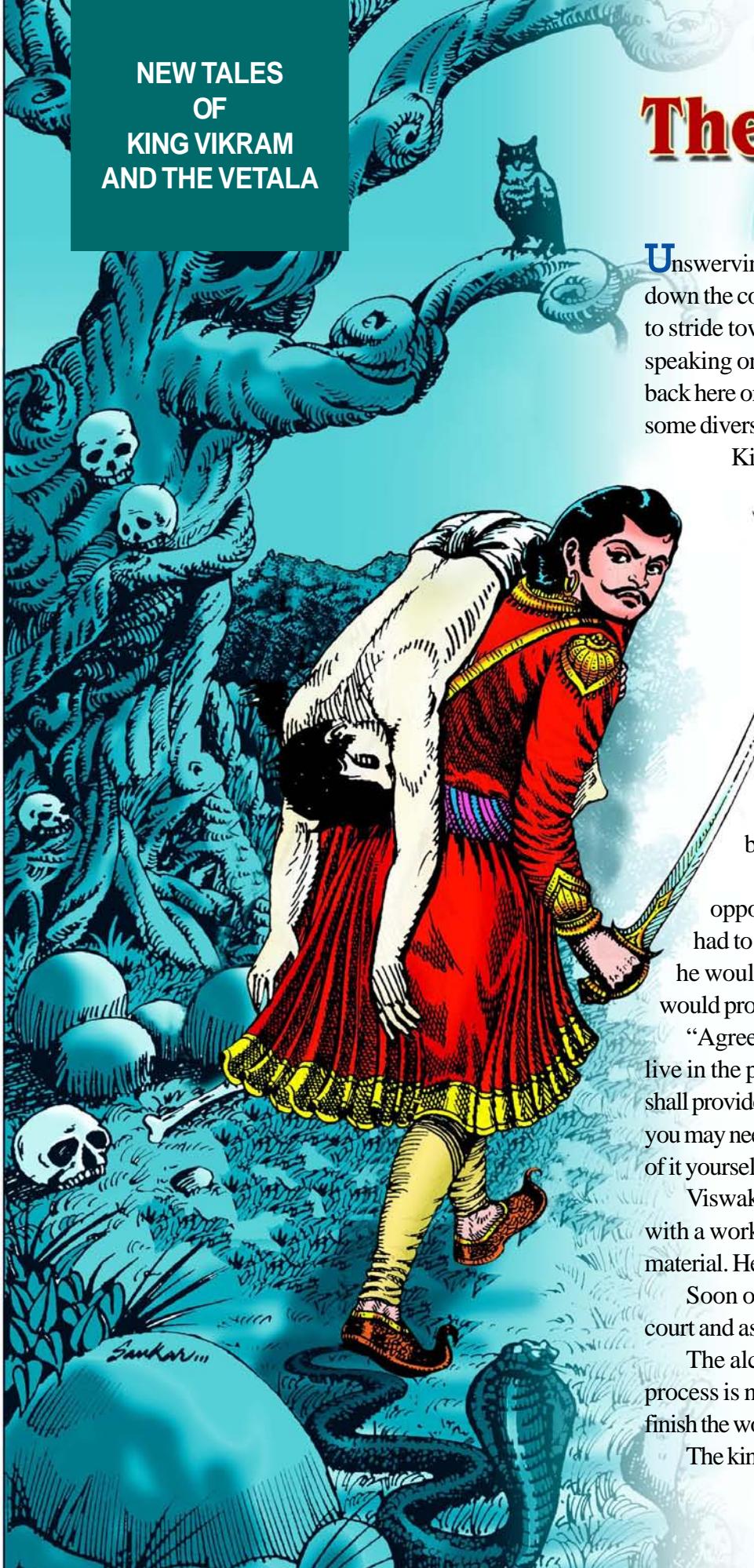
Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero.**
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

Prizes brought to you by



The alchemist



Unswerving, King Vikram went back to the tree, took down the corpse, slung it across his shoulder and began to stride towards the burial ground. The Vetala started speaking once again. "What a pity that you have come back here on a wretched night like this. Let me give you some diversion. I shall tell you a story." He began:

King Suketu of Marala was a valiant and wise ruler. One year, drought and famine struck the kingdom. In a few years, many people died of starvation and many others left their houses. Business was affected and the people became poor.

To this land came a very old man called Viswakarma. He claimed to be an alchemist. When he saw the plight of the people, he met the king and said, "O King, I have devoted my entire life to alchemy. If you support me for a year, I shall be able to make as much gold as you need."

King Suketu thought that this was a great opportunity to make the kingdom rich. He only had to take care of the old man for a year and then he would have all the gold he wanted. The country would prosper again.

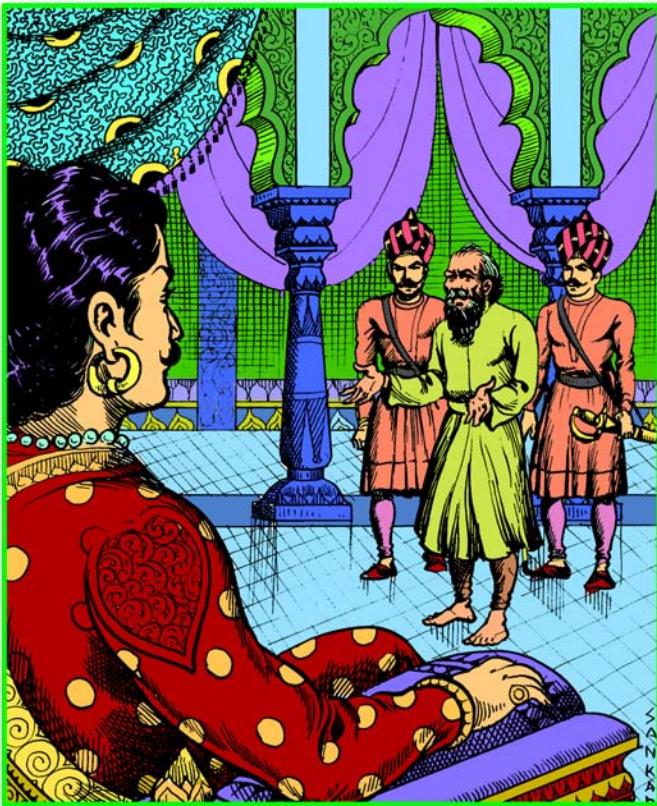
"Agreed," said the king to Viswakarma. "You can live in the palace for a year and carry out your work. I shall provide you with all the equipment and material that you may need to make gold. You can retain one-sixteenth of it yourself and give me the rest."

Viswakarma agreed to the terms. He was provided with a workshop and all the necessary equipment and material. He spent all his time in the workshop.

Soon one year passed. The king called him to the court and asked him if the gold was ready.

The alchemist replied, "O King, the gold making process is not yet complete. I need six more months to finish the work."

The king was disappointed. "You lied to me. You've



frustrated all my plans. I had planned to raise a huge army with the gold you produced. I wanted to attack the neighbouring kingdoms and become a powerful monarch. But I shall give you one more opportunity. You may take six more months to complete the job. But mind you, I shall not excuse you a second time."

Viswakarma was now in a predicament. He did not know what to do. He could not make even a dust of gold, although he had devoted all his life to learning the art. For the past few years he had depended on others to keep him alive. When he asked the king a year's time, he had hoped that he would die before the end of the year. He had been very weak and ill when he arrived at Suketu's doorstep. But a year at the palace with sumptuous food, and medicine men at his beck and call had revived him. He was in the pink of health. Now he could not bring himself to commit suicide.

He had obtained another six months of comfort, but he did not know what he was going to do at the end of it.

Viswakarma contemplated running away, but King Suketu had the palace well guarded. The king's threat echoed in his ears. He reconciled to the thought that he would die an unnatural death at the hands of the king.

When the six months also got over, the king sent for the old man and asked him, "Are you ready with the gold?"

The old man replied boldly, "O King, I'm not destined to make gold even if I were to live for a thousand years."

The king was furious, "Then, in that case you know what your punishment is!"

"Just a minute, your majesty," interrupted the alchemist. "As a result of my experiments I have discovered something which will be of greater value to you than all the gold in the world."

"What have you discovered?" the king asked suspiciously.

"Silver!" the old man replied. "Silver purified and made more powerful with the help of several rare herbs."

"Of what use is this enriched silver to me?" asked the king angrily.

The alchemist replied, "Sir, I shall beat the silver into a thin sheet and cover the hilt of your sword with it. With that sword you can conquer anyone. The sword will obtain for you all the gold you want."

"Are you trying to cheat me once again?" the king asked him sceptically.

"O King, how can I deceive you and get away with it? If the sword fails you, you can behead me immediately," replied the old man.

King Suketu felt that the alchemist was now talking sense. He handed him his sword. Soon the alchemist had its hilt covered with the powerful enriched silver. The sword was taken around the city in a procession and then sanctified.

The king thanked Viswakarma and gave him loads of gifts and a palace to live in.

The news about the all-conquering sword spread like wild fire. Some of the neighbouring rulers were frightened, though the others did not believe in the rumours. They thought that Viswakarma had played a hoax on King Suketu.

But soon, King Suketu marched into a neighbouring country with his small army. The ruler of the country sought the advice of his ministers: "Suketu has got no army worth mentioning. He is marching on us out of his blind faith in his sword. Let's fight him," suggested some of them. But others said, "Suketu is no fool. He's too good a warrior

to attack with such a small army unless there is something in that sword. They say the sword is certain death to his enemies. It is foolish to die in bravado. Let us strike a truce."

The king was thoroughly frightened. He surrendered to King Suketu.

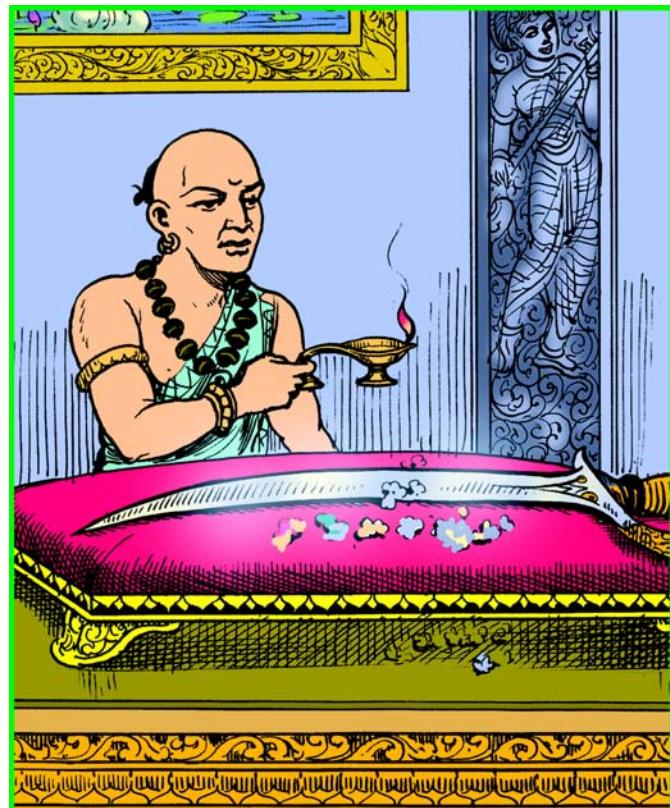
After that, Suketu never faced defeat. He invaded many kingdoms and, though some kings put forth brave resistance, they could never win.

Soon no king of the region dared face Suketu. All Suketu had to do was, send a messenger to the enemy camp and his enemies would line up for a truce.

In a short while, King Suketu became a powerful monarch. Marala grew rich and prosperous once again. Viswakarma's fame spread far and wide.

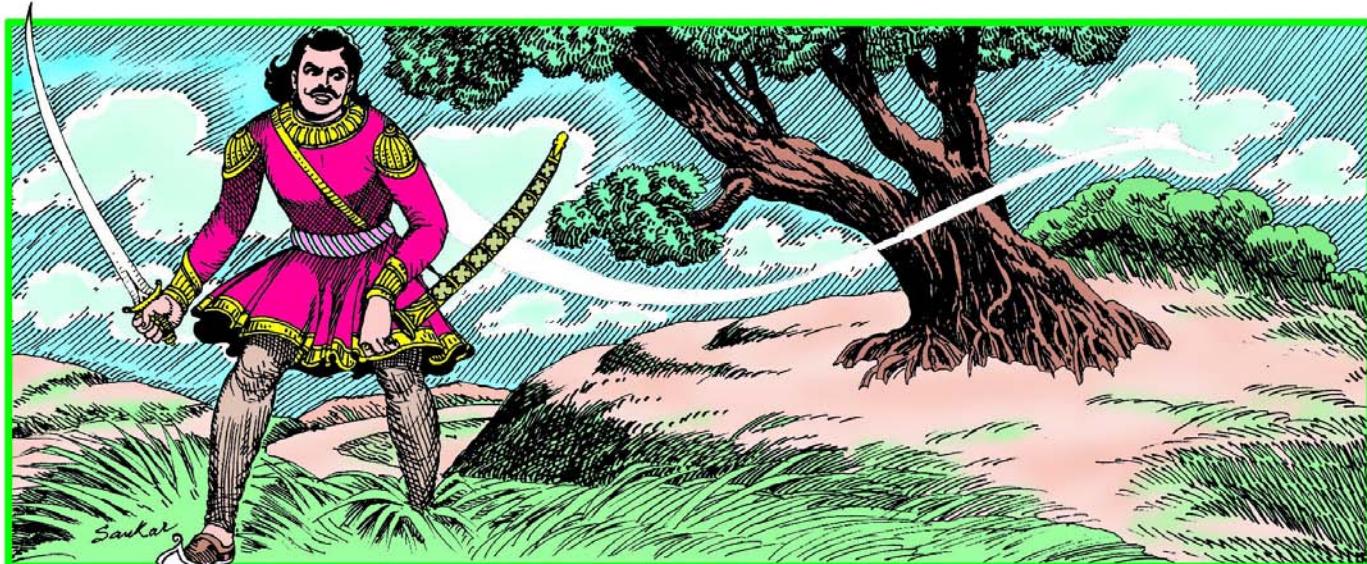
Here the Vetala stopped and asked, "O King, how could Viswakarma manufacture such powerful silver in six months, when he was not able to produce gold even in a year? Why did he have to spend all his life maintaining himself with the help of lies? If you know the answer and still refuse to speak, your head will split into a thousand pieces!"

Forthwith King Vikram replied, "The silver sword manufactured by Viswakarma had no powers whatsoever. Such powers lie in the minds of those who believe in them. Suketu himself was the first man to believe in the powers of the sword. So he started on a march of conquest with only a small army. His neighbour was the next man to believe in the powers and he accepted defeat without a



fight. As the number of believers increased, so did the powers of the silver. It is easier to create power than to create material. But Viswakarma had to lie as long as he did not realise this truth. In the face of death, he realised this truth and prospered. As a matter of fact, this was the alchemy that he mastered in his old age!"

No sooner had the king broken his silence, than the Vetala disappeared back into the gloom of the moonless night.



Getting Granny's Glasses

Granny could hear the distant roar of the river, smell the pine-needles beneath her feet, and feel the presence of her grandson Mani; but she couldn't see the river or the trees, and of her grandson she could only make out his curly hair, and sometimes, when he was very close, his blackberry eyes and the gleam of his teeth when he smiled.

Granny wore a pair of old glasses—she'd been wearing them for well over ten years—but her eyes had grown steadily weaker, and the glasses had grown older and were now scratched and spotted, and there was very little she could see through them. Still, they were better than nothing. Without them, everything was just a topsy-turvy blur.

Of course, Granny knew her way about the house and fields, and on a clear day she could see the mountains—the mighty Himalayan snow-peaks—striding away into the sky; but it was felt by Mani and his father that it was high time Granny had her eyes tested and got herself new glasses.

"Well, you know we can't get them in the village," said Granny.

Mani said, "You'll have to go to the eye-hospital in Mussoorie. That's the nearest town."

"But that's a two-day journey," protested Granny. "First I'd have to walk to Nainbagh market—twelve miles at least—spend the night at your uncle's place, and then catch a bus for the rest of the journey! You know how I hate buses. And it's ten years since I walked all the way to Mussoorie. That was when I had these glasses made."

"Well, it's still there," said Mani's father.

"What is?"

"Mussoorie."

"And the eye-hospital?"

"That, too."

"Well, my eyes are not too bad, really," said Granny,



MAHE...

looking for excuses. She did not feel like going far from the village; in particular she did not want to be parted from Mani. He was eleven and quite capable of looking after himself, but Granny had brought him up ever since his mother had died when he was only a year old. She was his Nani (maternal grandmother), and had cared for the boy and his father and the cows and hens and the household all these years, with great energy and devotion. Even her failing eyesight had not prevented her from milking cows or preparing meals or harvesting the corn.

"I can manage quite well," she said. "As long as I can see what's right in front of me, there's no problem. I know you've got a ball in your hand, Mani—please don't bounce it off the cows."

"It's not a ball, Granny, it's an apple."

"Oh, is it?" said Granny, recovering quickly from her mistake. "Never mind. Just don't bounce it off the cows. And don't eat too many apples!"

"Now listen," said Mani's father sternly, "I know you don't want to go anywhere. But we're not sending you off on your own. I'll take you to Mussoorie."

"And leave Mani here by himself? How could you even think of doing that?"

"Then I will take you to Mussoorie," said Mani

eagerly. "We can leave father on his own, can't we? I've been to Mussoorie before, with my school friends. I know where we can stay. But—" he paused for a moment and looked doubtfully from his father to his grandmother—"you wouldn't be able to walk all the way to Nainbagh, would you, Granny?"

"Of course, I can walk," said Granny. "I may be going blind, but there's nothing wrong with my legs!"

That was true enough. Only the day before they'd found Granny in the walnut tree, tossing walnuts—not very accurately—into a large basket on the ground.

"But you're nearly seventy, Granny."

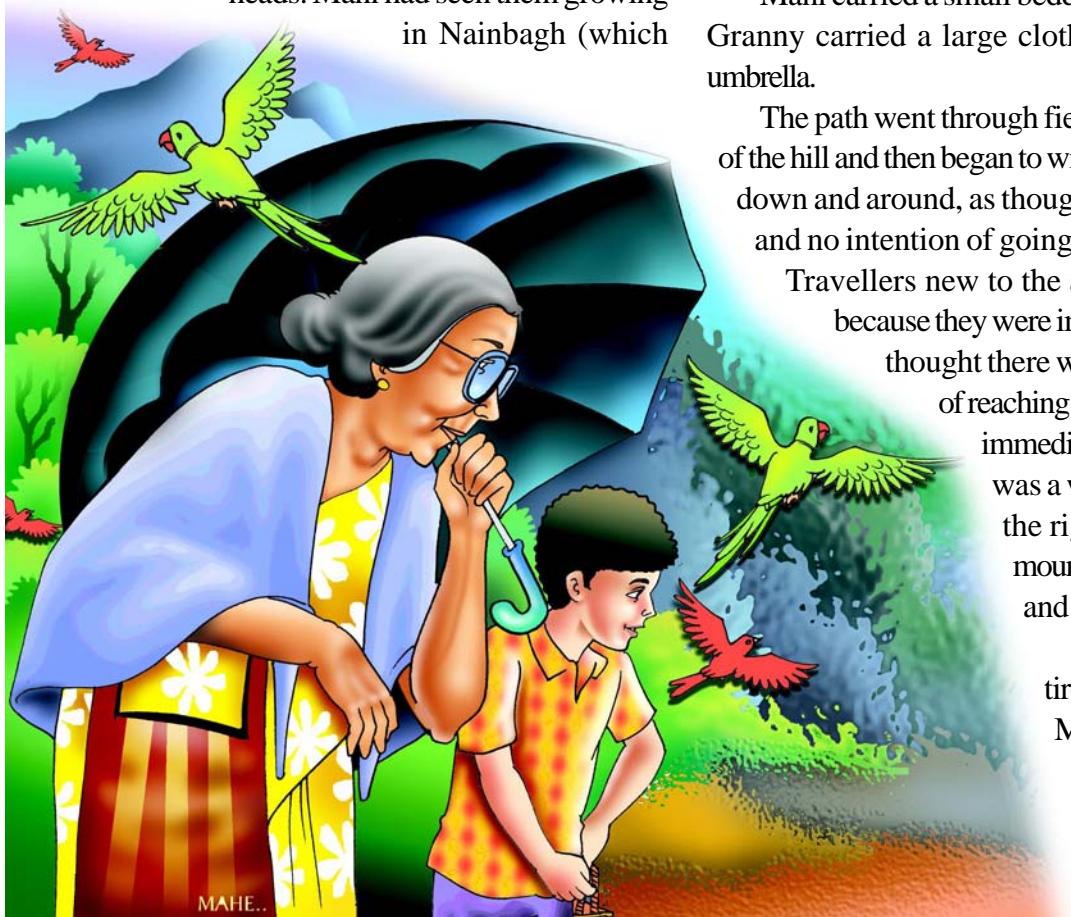
"What has that got to do with it? And besides, it's downhill to Nainbagh."

"And uphill coming back."

"Uphill's easier!" said Granny. Now that she knew Mani might be accompanying her, she was more than ready to make the journey.

The monsoon rains had begun, and in front of the small stone house a cluster of giant dahlias reared their heads. Mani had seen them growing

in Nainbagh (which



means "new gardens") and had bought some bulbs home. "These are big flowers, Granny," he'd said. "You'll be able to see them better."

And she could indeed see the dahlias, splashes of red and yellow against the old stone of the cottage walls.

Looking at them now, Granny said: "While we're in Mussoorie, we'll get some seeds and bulbs. And a new bell for the white cow. And a pullover for your father. And shoes for you—look, there's nothing much left of the ones you're wearing."

"Now just a minute," said Mani's father. "Are you going there to have your eyes tested, or are you going on a shopping expedition? I've got only a hundred rupees to spare. You'll have to manage with that."

"We'll manage," said Mani. "We'll sleep at the bus-shelter."

"No, we won't," said Granny. "I've got fifty rupees of my own. We'll stay at a hotel!"

Early next morning, in a light drizzle, Granny and Mani set out on the path to Nainbagh.

Mani carried a small bedding-roll on his shoulder; Granny carried a large cloth shopping-bag and an umbrella.

The path went through fields and around the brow of the hill and then began to wind here and there, up and down and around, as though it had a will of its own and no intention of going anywhere in particular.

Travellers new to the area often left the path, because they were impatient or in a hurry, and thought there were quicker, better ways of reaching their destinations. Almost immediately they were lost. For it was a wide path and had found the right way of crossing the mountains after centuries of trial and error.

"Whenever you feel tired, we'll take a rest," said Mani.

"We've only just started out," said Granny. "We'll rest when you're hungry!"

They walked at a steady pace, without talking too much. A flock of parrots whirled overhead, flashes of red and green against the sombre sky. High in a spruce tree a barbet called monotonously. But there were no other sounds, except for the hiss and gentle patter of the rain.

Mani stopped to pick wild blackberries from a bush. Granny wasn't fond of berries and did not slacken her pace. Mani had to run to catch up with her. Soon his lips were purple with the juice from the berries.

The rain stopped and the sun came out. Below them, the light green of the fields stood out against the dark green of the forests, and the hills were bathed in golden sunshine.

Mani ran ahead a little. "Can you see all right, Granny?" he called.

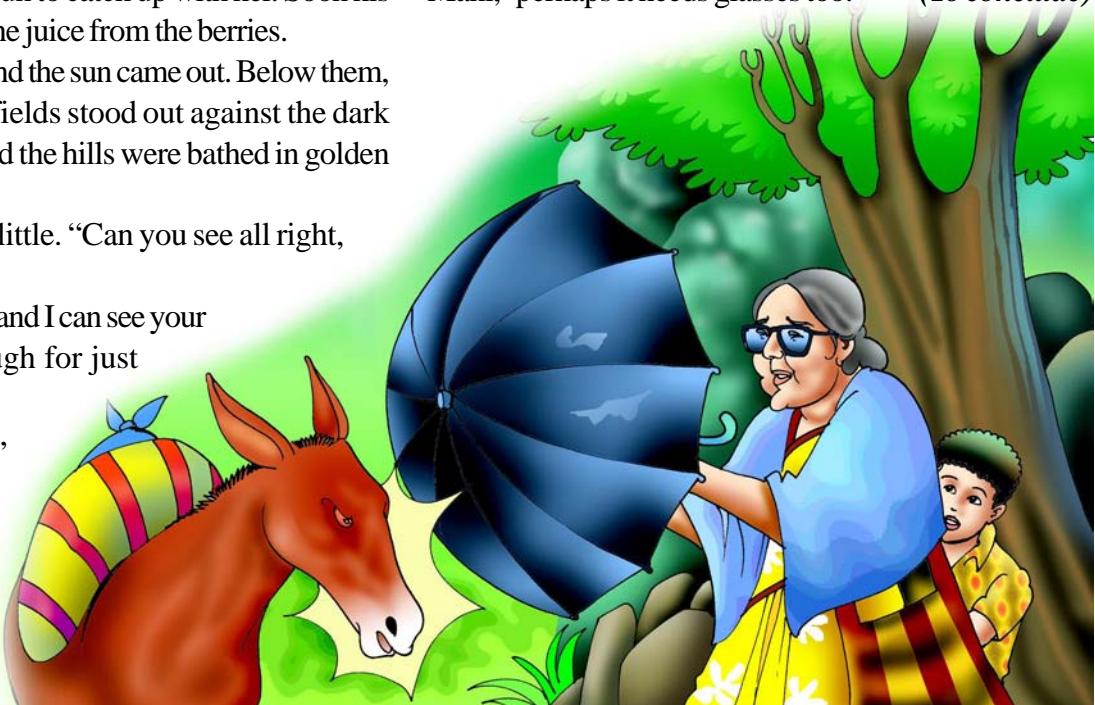
"I can see the path and I can see your red shirt. That's enough for just now."

"Well, watch out, there are some mules coming down the road."

Granny stepped aside to allow the mules to pass. They

clattered by, the mule-driver urging them on with a romantic song, but the last mule veered toward Granny and appeared to be heading straight for her. Granny saw it in time. She knew that mules and ponies always preferred going round objects, if they could see what lay ahead of them, so she held out her open umbrella and the mule cantered round it without touching her.

"Poor mule," thought Granny, as she hurried after Mani, 'perhaps it needs glasses too.' *(To conclude)*





KIDDLE

What is a calf after it is six months old?

What has always one eye open but can't see a thing?

What do giraffes have that no other animals have?

What has a hump, is brown, and lives at the north pole?

What did one wall say to the other wall?

Answers :   



STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

From the Arabian Nights

DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

Abdul was a very poor man who lived in Baghdad. He never seemed to find work for himself and so, could never earn enough to feed and clothe his family. He was always in dire need of money. His wife and their brood of children often went to bed, hungry. Poor Abdul! He paid heavily for this, because his wife never let him forget that he had failed in his duty towards his family.

“You are spineless!” she would fume. “You don’t even care. Your heart doesn’t beat for us. God will never forgive you.” And so on and so forth. Till poor Abdul, already hungry, sallow, and depressed by the sorry condition of his family, felt as miserable as a worm that was being danced on by a rogue elephant.

As though suffering the tortures of hunger and his wife were not bad enough, every night poor Abdul went through yet another torture. A strange frightening dream! Every single night it came to him. This very same dream. He saw himself walking all alone in a wide desert that seemed to lead nowhere. And every time he tried to stop for a breath or to snatch a moment of rest, a relentless loud voice would snap: “Move on, on to Kahira! Your fortune lies there.” The walk was taxing, the voice harsh. Poor Abdul would wake up, shivering.

He often wondered whether he should do as the strange voice said and go to Kahira. But when he tried to discuss this with his wife, she only screamed at him more than ever. “Going to Kahira, are you?” she would shriek. “I’ll Kahira you! You want to escape from our troubles and run away where we cannot catch you!”

Not a very understanding woman, as you can see.

Sometimes, Abdul would spend the morning sitting by an old well in the outskirts of Baghdad. Caravans heading for Baghdad would stop by for water here. Sometimes Abdul would offer to do odd jobs for the merchants who came with the caravans, in return for a few dinars.

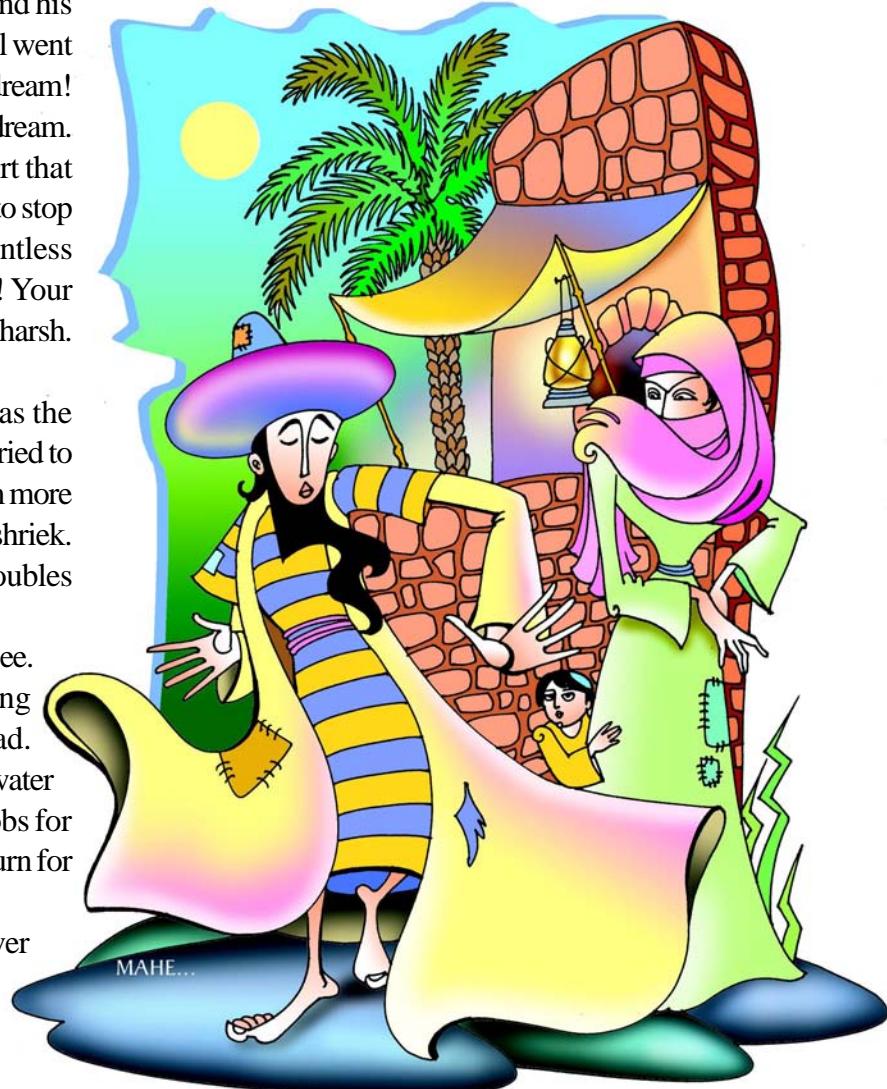
One such day, as he sat by the well, mulling over that terrible dream, a long caravan reached the

place. Abdul got up and busied himself, pulling water for the men, and feeding the camels. As he pulled out a trough of water, he overheard two men talk.

“In just two days, we should reach Kahira,” said one.

“I should hope so,” said the other. “I’m so weary after this long journey!”

Kahira! The city of his dreams! Abdul pricked his ears. Maybe he should go along, too. When he requested them to take him along, they readily agreed. So Abdul wrapped his turban around his face in such a way that his wife would not recognise him, if she were to see him with the caravan.



The caravan winded its weary way over the blistering sands that led from Baghdad to Kahira. As they entered the gates of Kahira, the caravan disbanded and each merchant went his way. Abdul stood, watching his friends vanish into the jostling crowds. He was tired, travel worn, hungry and ragged! He sat down with a groan under a date palm and soon dropped off to sleep.

Dusk was gathering when he was shaken awake. Rough hands were hauling him to his feet, as he opened his eyes and looked around. "Here, a new beggar. Where are you from?" someone asked. Abdul tried to explain that he was not a beggar, but the men did not listen. They dragged him, crying and protesting, and dumped him in prison.

That night, for the first time in many years, Abdul did not get his strange dream. The next morning, Abdul was produced before the judge.

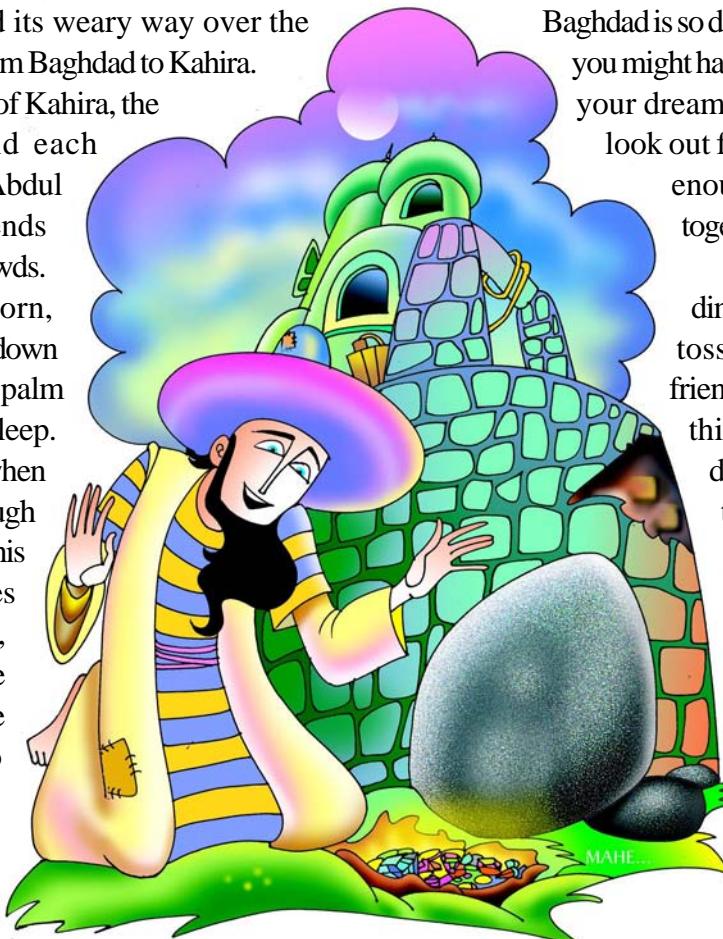
"One more beggar! A new one, too!" frowned the judge. "Don't you know that it is a crime to beg in Kahira?"

"I'm no beggar," mumbled Abdul, sobbing. "I've come all the way from Baghdad seeking my fortune."

"Many fortune seekers come here," replied the judge, softening a wee bit. "But most of them become penniless and give up their ghosts. But surely you could have sought your fortune in Baghdad! Why come to Kahira?"

Distraught, tired, hungry, and disappointed though he was, Abdul opened his heart out to the judge. He told him about the strange dream that came to him every night. The dream that brought him to Kahira.

When the judge heard the story, he burst into a loud guffaw. "You came here because of a dream?" he cried. "What a fool you are! Why, the journey to Kahira from



Baghdad is so difficult and full of danger that you might have even lost your life! Forget your dream, go back to Baghdad and look out for work that will earn you enough to keep body and soul together!"

The judge pulled out some dinars from his silken purse and tossed them to Abdul. "My friend, never make mistakes like this again! Never believe in dreams. They never come true! Do you know I too get one such dream....every night? But I'm no fool. If I believed it, I would have left my grand job here and gone to Baghdad!"

Abdul stared at the judge. What? This man, too, had a dream about fortunes. "What do you see in your dreams, sir?" he asked, eagerly.

"Just like you, a strange voice comes to me every night and says, 'Go to the old dilapidated mansion in the eastern end of Baghdad. There, near the old well in its yard, you will find a loose boulder. Push it aside and dig! Dig hard and you will find your treasure!'"

Abdul gasped. He blabbered his thanks and in great excitement started back for Baghdad. This time there was no caravan to take him. But he did not care. The hot blazing sun could not deter him. The stone cold night spent shivering in the desert could not dismay him. The pleasant, breezy oases he came to could not tempt him to stay.

At last he reached Baghdad. He made his way to the eastern end of the great city. There, just as the judge had said, was an old mansion in ruins. He entered its untidy yard and found the old well. After a little searching, he found the loose boulder, too. He pushed it aside, picked up an old stick that lay nearby and began digging.

Very soon, he hit something hard. He pulled it up. It

was a large goatskin bag. The bag was bulging and heavy. Shivering with excitement and anticipation, he opened it – and wonder of wonders! Out rolled rubies, diamonds, other precious stones, gold and silver jewels...! His fortune!

Abdul bundled the bag under his arm and made his way home. His wife opened the door and stared at him. Her eyebrows knitted themselves in anger and her lips curled in contempt.

“What? Back home? Where did you run away?

Found your fortune at Kahira?” she demanded nastily.

“Yes,” replied Abdul, his eyes shining like stars. For once, he was not hurt by her harsh words. He opened the goatskin bag. The sparkling stones and jewels winked at her.

She reeled in shock. Not a word escaped her lips – she did not know what to say. It is said of her that she remained dumbstruck for the rest of her life. And Abdul lived happily, prosperous and peaceful ever after!

- *Retold by Sumy*

Meet the Kallawaya

People have always looked at traditional medicines and healers with suspicion. However, various systems of traditional medicines often appear to have cures for many diseases, both the commonplace and the complicated. Even for diseases like cancer, poliomyelitis, and pneumonia.

One such tribe of herbal doctors is the Kallawaya of Bolivia in South America. Their name literally means, the 'ones who carry medicines on their shoulders'. The Kallawaya men spend most of their lives travelling from one remote village to another, prescribing and selling remedies.

The Kallawaya medicine men follow a holistic method of treating a patient. Before recommending medicines, they chat with the patient and earn his trust. Usually the cure is some herb in the Kallawaya's backpack. Very often, these herbs are combined with magic and psychotherapy. They also sell amulets and charms to invoke good luck.

The Kallawaya healers fiercely guard the secrets of their medicines and cures. They pass on the knowledge only to legitimate heirs. They also use a secret language called Machchaj Juyai while practising medicine.

They follow strict laws in their practice of medicine. Each group of Kallawaya healers treats patients only within a clearly marked region. Also, they have a council to whom they report any strange illness they come across, the illnesses they have cured, and the results of using new herbs. The Kallawayas are credited with the discovery of quinine, an extract from the bark of the cinchona tree, which is used to bring down fever and in the treatment of malaria. They also discovered the use of cocaine, obtained from the coca leaves, as an anaesthetic. They discovered the use of penicillin way back during the time of the Incas.

The Kallawayas ferment green bananas, maize, and other agricultural products and use their moulds mixed into a black paste, to treat cancer. They also used fermented black mud in hot and cold poultices.

Many modern doctors eye the methods of the Kallawayas with doubt, especially because they include a dash of magic and superstition, besides the use of primitive drugs. However, scientific observations have proved that these remedies are, indeed, effective. - *By Srikari*





Out of the cloudy, hazy past of Indian history, the first clear figure that emerges is that of Chandragupta Maurya. History says that he was among the early Indian rulers to establish a vast empire that covered an area from present day Afghanistan, and across Punjab and Uttar Pradesh right up to Bihar in the east and Kathiawar in the west.

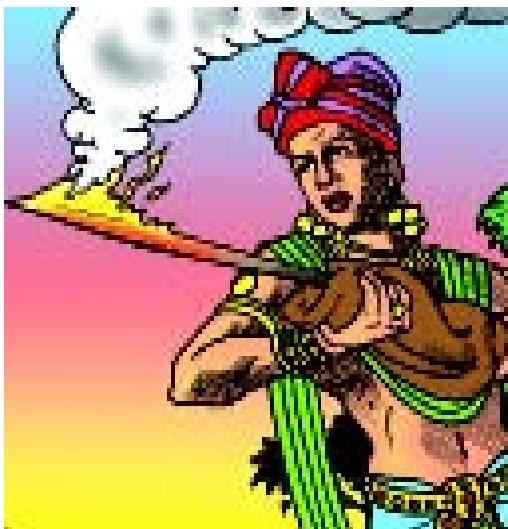
Not much is known about Chandragupta's early years. Some say he was the son of one of the members of the ruling family of Nandas who had been kings of Magadha for long. Others say he belonged to a tribe of peacock tamers.

But whatever be his birth and origin, all historians acknowledge that he was a man with ambition and dreams. Several legends have grown around the personality of Chandragupta, all of which go to show just how clever a man he was.

Once the king of a neighbouring kingdom sent a messenger to Nanda's court. This messenger carried a strange gift. This was a huge iron cage and there was a life-size lion made of wax in it. The messenger told Nanda that his ruler wished to challenge the intelligence of the Nanda court with this strange gift. If anyone could bring the lion out of the cage without opening or breaking open the cage, his ruler would acknowledge Nanda as his superior. Otherwise his ruler would declare himself to be superior.

Nanda immediately turned to the wise men in his court. But they all kept quiet and hung their head. How

The lion tamer



could one bring the lion out of the cage without opening it?

The king was disappointed with his court. His prestige was at stake. If no one could solve this problem, it would be a disgrace for him.

So he ordered that the riddle be thrown open to the public. Anyone who solved it and saved the day for Nanda would be rewarded. When the cage was displayed in a crowded gathering and the riddle explained, one young man stepped forward. He was Chandragupta. He said he

could bring the lion out of the cage without opening or breaking it. He asked for a great fire to be lit. Then he ordered that the cage be kept on the fire.

In a short while, the wax lion melted in the great heat and the molten wax began streaming out of the cage. The lion was out of the cage. The crowd applauded. Nanda's honour had been saved.

This intelligent boy fired by his ambitions went on to oust the Nanda later in life and become the ruler of India's first ever powerful empire.

Chandragupta's accession is dated between 323 B.C. and 313 B.C. His reign lasted till 298 B.C.



PROVERBS FOR YOU

He who has health has hope and he who has hope has everything.

- Arabian

If a lie runs for twenty years, it takes truth one day to catch up with it.

- Yoruba

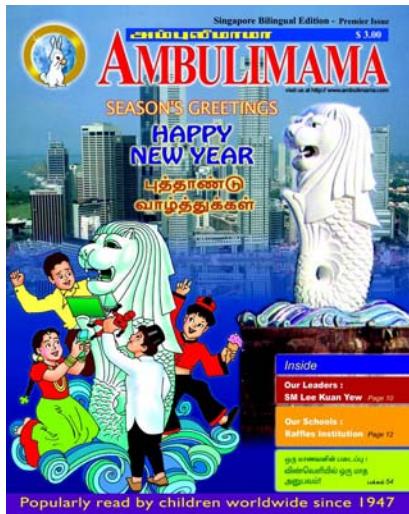


Singapore welcomes *Ambulimama*

January 16 last was a great day for the *Chandamama* family of “12 members”, when it grew by one. That was the first overseas bilingual edition launched in Singapore. It is a Tamil-English bilingual of *Ambulimama* exclusively for the large Tamil population in Singapore.

The premier issue of the Singapore edition was released by Mr.S.Dhanabalan, a former Cabinet Minister and immediate past President of the Singapore Indian Development Association (SINDA). He expressed the hope that *Ambulimama* would prove to be a useful magazine to Singapore students who are expected to learn two languages in school. He asked parents to encourage children to take advantage of the rich educational content the magazine offers.

The function was attended by nearly 500 leaders of the Tamil community in Singapore. The programme



coincided with the weeklong Pongal celebration on the island city. The cultural programme included a dance depiction of *Ambulimama*'s content specially choreographed by the troupe of Sri Rangam Bharata Natyalaya. Varun, a Primary 2 student from Geylang Methodist Primary School, narrated the story of the rabbit on the moon which, incidentally, is the emblem of *Ambulimama*.

The function was covered live by Oli, a Tamil channel radio. This was apart from the wide coverage in both the electronic and print media. There was a good Press coverage in India, too.

Many community leaders have hailed the arrival of *Ambulimama* in Singapore as a significant moment. They felt certain that the wide range of articles, stories, and entertainment would be an instant hit with students and parents in Singapore.

Ambulimama has received wide appreciation. Among the messages is one from the President of India. Here are a few quotes:

Message from

Dr.A.P.J. Abdul Kalam
President of India

I have gone through the magazine (*Ambulimama* overseas bilingual edition). I liked particularly “Oru Manavanin Padaipu” and “Make Your Own Barometer”. My greetings and best wishes.

The articles in Ambulimama are interesting and relevant to the local context.

It will help parents in promoting a greater interest among their children to read in Tamil and English. Ambulimama is poised to fill the void for a quality magazine for Indian parents and children.

S. Vivakanandan, CEO, SINDA

We wish to thank everyone for their words of encouragement. - Editor

Tamil teachers will find Ambulimama a useful resource material to teach the language in a more interesting way. The stories and snippets can be used to make the lessons more interesting and engaging.

*S.Samikannu,
President Singapore Tamil Teachers Union*

I will not miss a single issue of Ambulimama!

Varun Srikrishnan

He doesn't seem to be able to put the magazine down. He is thrilled. I don't think he's giving me a choice, but to subscribe...!

*Mrs. Latha Srikrishnan
(Varun's mother)*

I picked up Ambulimama after I saw the exciting launch ceremony. It is so interesting to read the stories from Indonesia and China. This certainly will promote better understanding among the children of different cultures in Singapore.

Mrs. Ong (mother of 3 children, aged 8 to 18)



The bird that came in from the night

On the banks of River Pennar lies Siddavattam, a quaint hamlet near Cuddapah in southern Andhra Pradesh. A low, badly maintained road on the sandy and wide riverbed takes you across the river, and before you know it, you are driving past Siddavattam! The forests and hill ranges of the Eastern Ghats nearby are known to house many mysteries about India's natural history.

Vontimitta, another hamlet near Siddavattam, is known for the famous Kodandaramaswami temple. Passengers on the Mumbai-Chennai railway route can see the glorious temple gopuram when the train chugs out of Cuddapah towards Chennai.

It was mid-January 1986. I was camping in the Vontimitta Forest Rest House. I was part of a survey team that was in search of the Jerdon's or double-banded courser, a very rare and endemic bird (an 'endemic' creature is one known locally, and not found anywhere else in the world). While I had been involved in this search only since June 1985, the hunt for this rare bird had begun as early as 1848

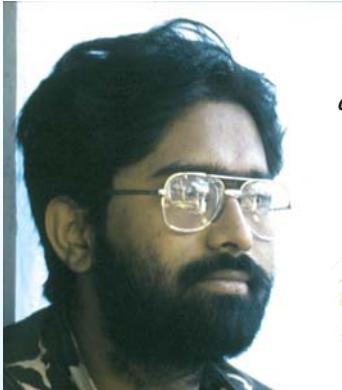
when it was first sighted.

In that year, Thomas Claverhill Jerdon, a Surgeon Major with the British India Medical Corps stationed in Madras (now Chennai), had discovered the bird first. He had collected it for his natural history collection. He sent this strange and new bird-skin to an ornithologist, W. Blyth, who recognised it as a new species and named it the Double-banded Courser.

To come back to my story. On that eventful night, the Range Forest Officer of Vontimitta told me that Aitanna, my bird-tracker, had trapped a '*kalivi kodi*' in his village, Reddipalli, north of Siddavattam. I knew that the local villagers and bird trappers recognised many kinds of birds as '*kalivi kodi*'. '*Kalivi*' is the local word for the *Carissa* bushes, common in these parts, and, '*kodi*' refers to any kind of fowl. I wondered whether Aitanna had found the bird I was looking for.

The survey had led me to travel all over the





The author Bharath Bhushan and the double-banded courser he rediscovered.



Eastern Ghats, on a very reliable motorcycle (which I called my old faithful!), with my camping equipment. On a good day, I would have driven off in search of Aitanna immediately. But that night it was raining heavily. I knew that the Pennar would be flowing over the low road at Siddavattam. It would be impossible to cross the river.

I felt pessimistic about seeing that bird that night on watching the thunderous downpour. But I kept hoping that on that day, we would record something for science.

Around 3 a.m., the fury of the rain seemed to have abated. I started the motorcycle around 4 a.m. It was still raining and the roads were dark. Usually, the lorry traffic on the Cuddapah-Chennai road is heavy even at night. But that night, thanks to the rain, there were not many vehicles on the road.

I crossed a small roadside junction called Bhakarapeta (also a railway station), and turned north towards Siddavattam. The river was overflowing and the low road across it was under water. So I drove back to Bhakarapeta and took shelter on the railway platform. My vehicle had kept sinking in the sandy roads outside, and the railway platform was the only shelter that could

protect me and my vehicle from the rain! There I was - alone on a small railway platform, with my motorcycle, on a very dark and rainy night, all for a bird!!

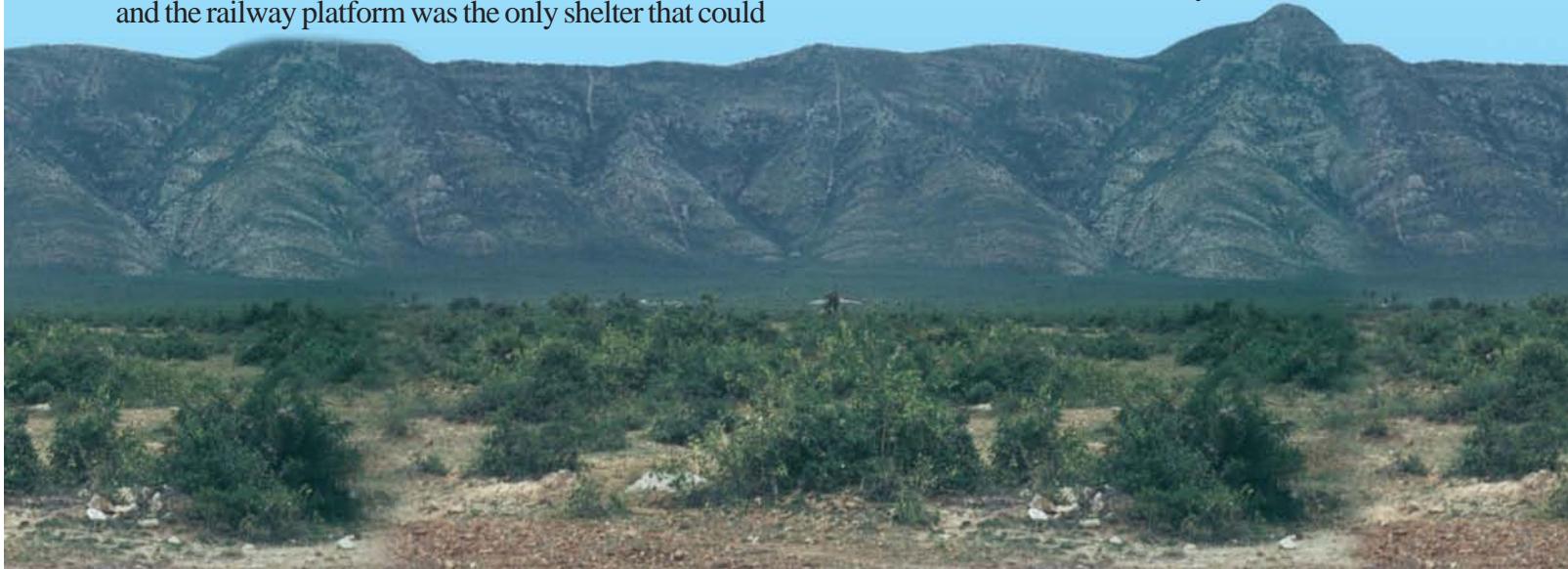
An hour later I drove again to the river, and this time the road could be seen faintly below the water. I decided to drive across. Aitanna, a local tribal who specialised in catching small birds and animals with many kinds of traps, was waiting impatiently for me. He rushed me to his house to show the bird that he claimed to be **the 'kalivi kodi'** that I was in search of.

The moment I saw it, I was engulfed by a huge wave of elation. Indeed it was the Jerdon's Courser or the double-banded courser! A bird that had not been seen since 1848! I could identify it by the distinctive white *naamam* mark on its forehead, and its crimson-red throat patch lined by a black-coloured double garland on its chest.

There it was, nestling in Aitanna's hand, looking at me uncertainly with its large beady eyes! As I stood in that rain-drenched shack, I was speechless and could barely nod when Aitanna whispered, "Anna, is this the bird? Is this your *kalivi kodi*?"

I dashed back to Siddavattam, as I realised that there was a lot of work to do. I rang up the Bombay Natural History Society and the Andhra Pradesh Forest Department to inform them about the incredible rediscovery. The news spread like wildfire. The next afternoon, I was told that Dr. Salim Ali, the most famous Indian ornithologist, was on his way to see the bird!

The Andhra Pradesh Forest Department recognised the importance of the rediscovery by immediately declaring the forests as a Wildlife Sanctuary. Since the habitat of



Like the mysterious disappearance and reappearance of the double-banded courser, there are many other mysteries out there in the Indian wilderness. One such is that of the pinkheaded duck. Once upon a time these birds were known to nest in the remote forest ponds in the high mountains of the Northeast. And they would occasionally migrate right up to the east coast of Andhra Pradesh! Today these ducks are nowhere to be seen.

But they could still be out there. Only, you would have to seek them from the Eastern Himalayas, to northern Myanmar and maybe to Vietnam. And you may not find them until you have climbed the tallest peak, visited the remotest forest pond, trekked through the most desolate cloud-forest, met the best wilderness tribal expert ever, or spent cold rainy nights at 2 degrees centigrade, for night after day after night after...! The answer lies in being able to travel slowly through these areas in a hot air balloon, stop at the highest of forest ponds, and look out for these birds. That would be some expedition!

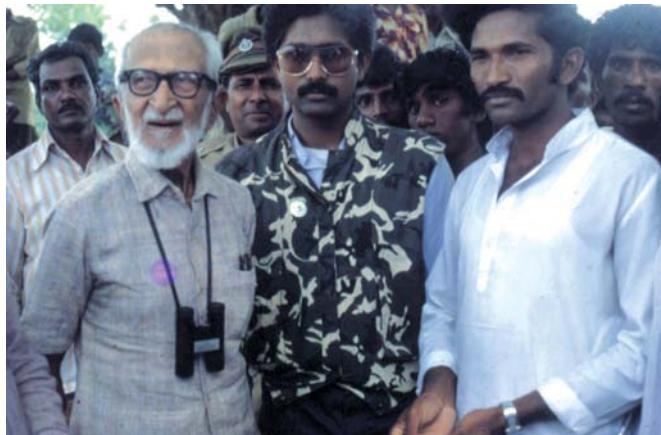
And there are many more such mysteries waiting to be solved — the Malay Sun Bear, the pygmy rhino, the twelve-tined deer of Kanha, the mountain quail...! Game, anyone?

the double-banded courser was part of the scrub forests of the Lankamalai hills, the protected area was named Lankamalleshwara Wildlife Sanctuary.

The Andhra Pradesh Government announced the rediscovery of the bird in full page advertisements in both English and Telugu newspapers.

Several government officials thought it was foolish to demarcate about 500 sq. km of very good forests as a no-disturbance zone and a Wildlife Sanctuary, all because of one bird that had been seen just once after 1848. Were we crazy? Except for Aitanna and I, nobody had actually seen the bird in the forests or its natural habitat. There were no photographs. There were no written reports, bulky scientific documents, or long lists of other wildlife that existed in the Lankamalai Hills.

Sadly, the double-banded courser that I saw died after just two days in captivity, perhaps due to the heavy rains. This incident saddened all of us. However, the good news is that since that sighting in 1986, we have often seen and continue to spot the double-banded coursers in



Dr. Salim Ali, with Bharath Bhushan and Aitanna at the site

the wild. Many photographs of the bird have also been taken.

Today it is illegal to capture this bird or keep it on display. It is listed in Schedule 1 of the Wildlife Protection Act, 1972, which makes hunting or captive collection an offence inviting punishment.

But since that rediscovery, we have

come to know that the forests of the Eastern Ghats are home to many endemic species. They include the yellow-throated bulbul, a beautiful and secretive bird, the golden gecko, a brilliant golden-coloured lizard that can change its colour to a dull grey and olive brown shades, and the *Cycas beddomei*, an almost dwarf-like palm.

And today, when I think back of that eventful day, of Aitanna and even my old faithful, I dare dream that maybe one day, yes maybe some day, the pink headed duck, now considered extinct, would also be.....?!!!

Text and photos: Bharat Bhushan
Courtesy: Kalpavriksh and the National Biodiversity and Strategic Action Plan

A Salute to Kalpana Chawla

The world recently mourned the tragic death of India-born Kalpana Chawla and six other astronauts in a very shocking space mishap. Minutes before what might have been a smooth touchdown at the end of a 16-day successful mission, their space shuttle *Columbia* broke up in mid-air.

Like every child, Kalpana, the younger daughter of Banarsilal Chawla and Syongita of Karnal in Haryana, was fascinated by the moon. As Montu - that was her pet name - grew up, she became crazy about aeroplanes. She often drew pictures of planes. Karnal had a flying club, and she would spend hours watching aeroplanes flying overhead.

When she was 17, her parents wanted her to study medicine, but Kalpana wished to go for engineering, much against protests. She got admission in Punjab Engineering College, Chandigarh, where without any hesitation she opted for aeronautical engineering. It is said, her hostel room had on the walls only posters of aircraft and spacecraft. As she confided to her close friends, she had set her eyes on the moon, especially after reading about man's landing on the moon.

After graduation, she got herself admitted to Texas University in the USA for her Masters in aerospace engineering. Later, she took her Doctorate from Colorado University. The year was 1988. In 1994, Kalpana joined the NASA and went for training in space flying.

The next year she was recruited to the 15th group of astronauts. She got a chance to fly into space when she was chosen a crew member of *Columbia*'s flight on November 19, 1997. She thus became the first Indian woman to travel to space. During her sojourn in space, she studied the effect of weightlessness and also undertook a space walk.

In an interview after her return, she said: "The best part was sitting at the door and looking at the earth,

and seeing how small it is." What attracted her attention was the view of River Ganga and its pollution. Back on earth, she often spoke of the need to protect environment.

Kalpana sent space memorabilia to the students and staff of her *alma mater*. They were accompanied by a message signed by all the astronauts. It said: "Reach for the stars."

Though the NASA had spotted another woman of Indian origin, Sunita Williams, and trained her for space flight, it was Kalpana that NASA chose for a second flight on *Columbia* on January 16 this year.

Kalpana then contacted her favourite Maths teacher, Nirmala Nambudiripad of Tagore Bal Niketan days, now working in Bangalore, for a banner she wanted to take with her. With the help of some arts college students, the teacher prepared a silk banner. It depicted the close up of a pair of hands (of a teacher) blessing a student. It had also a legend which read: "Showing the way always." Teacher Nirmala used to quote Kalpana's example and ask her class, "Can't you also fly into space?"

Kalpana did show the way. Every year, she sponsored the visit of two students from Tagore Bal Niketan to NASA, where she would take them round and instil in them a sense of determination, courage, and vision.

From the space shuttle, she sent a message to her college in Chandigarh: "A path from dreams to success does exist. May you have the vision to find it, the courage to get on to it, and the perseverance to follow it. Wishing you (all) a great journey (in life)." The message reached her college a day after the tragedy.

Perhaps it was a message for the younger generation, who might want to follow her, but who should not get discouraged by the tragedy.

Kalpana Chawla has done India proud. We salute her. We also salute the other six brave astronauts who have gone with her to eternity.





Send your questions to :
Ask Away, Chandamama India Ltd.
No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal,
Chennai - 600 097 or e-mail to askaway@chandamama.org.
Prof. Manoj Das will answer your queries.

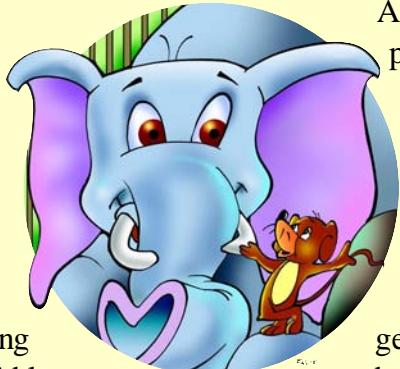
Q A famous author delivered a lecture in our school, much of which I could follow. But I could not understand what he said at the end. It was something like this: 'There are several kinds of blindness. But the worst is the blindness caused by ego.'

- *Sujit Ganguly, Kalyani*

A Obviously the speaker used the term blindness figuratively. That is to say, he did not mean physical blindness or sightlessness in the eyes, but mental blindness. Ego is the other name for ignorance and vain pride. It is not that only those who are powerful or wealthy are egoistic. Most of us, irrespective of our power or position, richness or poverty, are egoistic, even though we are not conscious of this weakness in ourselves. This psychological law is well illustrated in this anecdote:

Once a little mouse entered the huge cage that housed an elephant in a zoo. 'Visitors buy tickets to enter the zoo. In this cage they can only see you. I think they deserve better. That's why I'm willing to be here from time to time. For the same money visitors can have the privilege of seeing me too along with you,' it told the elephant very affably.

'But aren't you too puny and tiny to be noticed by visitors?' asked the elephant, without meaning to



offend the mouse. 'Indeed, I look a bit emaciated. It is because I had had a bad 'flu for the past one week. But I'll fully regain my original stature in a few days,' replied the mouse.

This is an example of the blindness caused by ego. Surely, I don't have to explain the 'mentality' of the little creature.

Q Were the Jataka tales all written by Gautama Buddha?

- *Vilas M. Shah, Anand*

A There is no evidence of the Buddha having written anything in the literal sense of the term. However, it is believed that he had narrated some of the Jataka stories, to explain how his *Sattva* or the essential spirit had gained different valuable experiences in his earlier incarnations.

A conference of prominent Buddhists took place at Rajagriha (now known as Rajgir) in Bihar soon after the death of the Buddha.

It was here that the Master's sayings were recited by his chief disciples, Mahakassapa, Kasyapa, Upali and Ananda. For a long time they were conveyed by the Buddhists of one generation to the next generation. It is probable that some of the Jataka stories were narrated during the Rajagriha conference. Later more were added to the series.

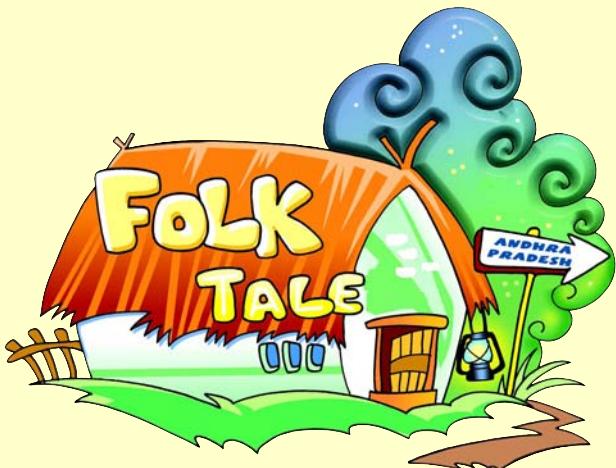


DID YOU KNOW?

Did you think that nail polishes and lipsticks are present-day fashion accessories? Egyptians had used yellow-red henna to colour their nails and lips as early as 3000 B.C. The Romans used sheep fat to colour their nails.

Do you drink milk every morning? Then try gulping down this fact: a cow yields nearly 200,000 glasses of milk in her lifetime!





Jharkhand is the latest State to be added to the Indian Union. The new State was formed on November 15, 2000. It was carved out of Bihar, comprising the Chota Nagpur plateau and the Santhal parganas. Jharkhand extends over an area of 79,714 sq km. The population, as per the 2001 census, is 26,909,428. Jharkhand holds the 13th place among the States and Union Territories according to the population.

Jharkhand is surrounded by West Bengal in the east, Chhattisgarh in the west, Orissa in the south, and Uttar Pradesh and Bihar in the north. Except Lohardaga, all the other 21 districts of the State share their boundary with one or more of the neighbouring States.

The name Jharkhand means a forest country. The State is a plateau and is about 915m above the sea level. The plateau is full of mountain ranges covered with dense forest. A number of rivers and rivulets flow through the hilly terrain and the valleys.

Ranchi, once the summer capital of Bihar, is now the capital of Jharkhand. Santhali, Hindi, and Urdu are the main languages spoken in Jharkhand. The other tribal languages spoken here are Mundari, Kurukh, Khortha, Nagpuria, Sadri, Khariya, Panchparagnia, Ho, and Malto.

Jharkhand is abundant in minerals, like iron-ore, coal, mica, bauxite, copper, chromite, limestone, gold, aluminium, china clay and silica. The State accounts for 37.5 % of India's coal reserves, 40% of copper, 22% of iron ore, and 90% of mica.

Singi Bonga's special gift

Once upon a time Singi Bonga – the creator of the world - decided to make the earth.

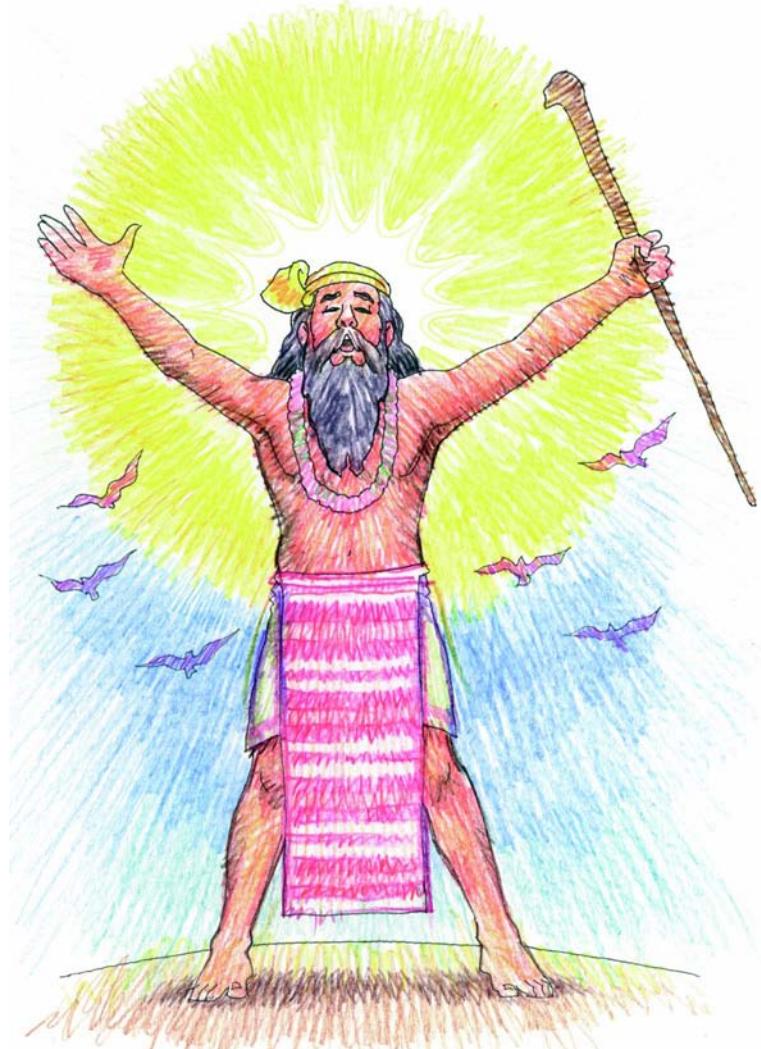
With it he also created men and women, birds and animals, fields and trees.

Along with them he created the *singi* or sun.

The *singi*, named after his own self, was the most important creation of all.

It gave everyone light and warmth.

It helped plants and crops grow. It made flowers bloom and fruits ripen. It made the fields and meadows green. It brought on the rain.



There was enough food for everyone. So everyone was happy.

Singi Bonga smiled and was satisfied.

The *singi* shone brightly all day long. It never set. So there was only day and no night. People worked until they were too tired to work any more. There was no set time for work or a fixed time for rest. Everyone worked whenever they liked, went to sleep whenever they felt like it and ate whenever they were hungry.

One day Singi Bonga came to visit the earth. He saw the *horo* working in the fields.

“When did you plough this field?” he asked one of them. “Today,” replied the man. “When did you dig that pit?” “Today,” said the next man. “And when did you make that garden?”

“Today, of course,” said the third man, surprised. “Why do you ask? There is only today! Whatever happened, has happened today. How can it be anything else?”



Singi Bonga moved on. He saw a woman with a child.

“When was this boy born?” he asked the mother. “Today,” said the woman.

“And your daughter who looks much older – when was she born?”

“Today,” said the woman again. “Why do you ask?”

This time Singi Bonga was not surprised. He understood why they kept saying “today” to every question asked.

The people had no sense of time because there were no days and nights, no division in time. It was just one long day!

Singi Bonga decided to do something about it. He called the *singi* and said, “You must set in the evening and rise again in the morning. Then the people will not work when it is dark and know that it is the time for sleeping. When you rise again, they will know that it is another day. A different day.”

The *singi* agreed to do as he said. When it was

Home for tribes

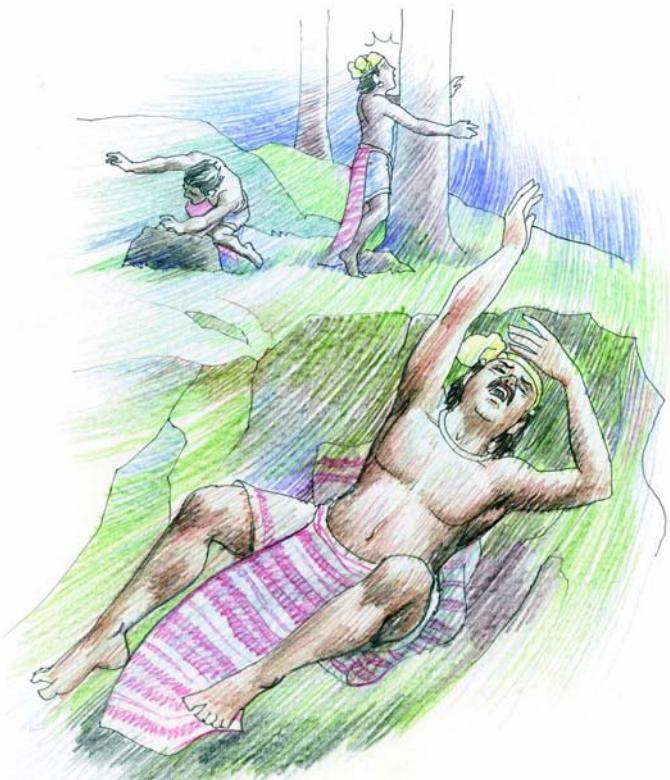
The State is the home of many tribes. Tribes represent 30 per cent of the State's population. There are nearly 30 tribes in Jharkhand. These tribes not only differ from the people in the mainland, but also from one another. Some of the major tribes are Santhals, Oraons, Mundas, Kharias, Hos, Cheros, Kherwars, Korwas, and Bihores.



The tribal society has a rich tradition of arts and crafts. The rock paintings, dating back to more than 5,000 years, are a testimony to it. Santhali Bhittichitra, Oraon Bhittichitra, and Jado Patiya are the tribal styles of painting practised in the State.

Some of the popular kinds of folk music that can be heard in Jharkhand are Dohari Domkach, Janani Jhumar, Mardana Jhumar, Faguwa, Udasi, Pawas, Daidhara, Pahilsanjha, Adhratiya, Vinasariya, Pratkali and Jhmta.

The popular folk dances Paika, Chaw, Jadur, Karma, Nachni, Natua, Agni, Choukara, Santhal, Jamda, Ghalwari, Matha, Shorai and Lurisayro. Each tribe has a unique dialect.



evening, the sun set as it had been asked to do. And the whole world went dark. The people did not understand what had happened. Or why it was dark. They were frightened and ran here and there. Some of them fell down. Some fell into ditches and hurt themselves. Children fell from trees where they had been playing. The women knocked their vessels in the dark and broke them. Nobody knew what to do.

Finally their leader called out and said, "Lie down and rest, all of you. You can do nothing in this darkness." So night became a time for resting. They got up again when the sun rose in the sky and there was light once again.

By and large the people were happier. No more did they remain working till they dropped down. They had to stop when it got dark and they could see nothing. So they got regular hours of rest and felt much better.

But there was one big problem. Since they could see nothing after sunset, they often fell down. Of course, there were the *ipil* or stars. But the light of the stars was not enough. They fell into ditches. They fell into holes. They banged against trees and knocked against people. They could not see where things were kept, and broke things. It became quite chaotic!

Then Singi Bonga visited them once again. "Well,"

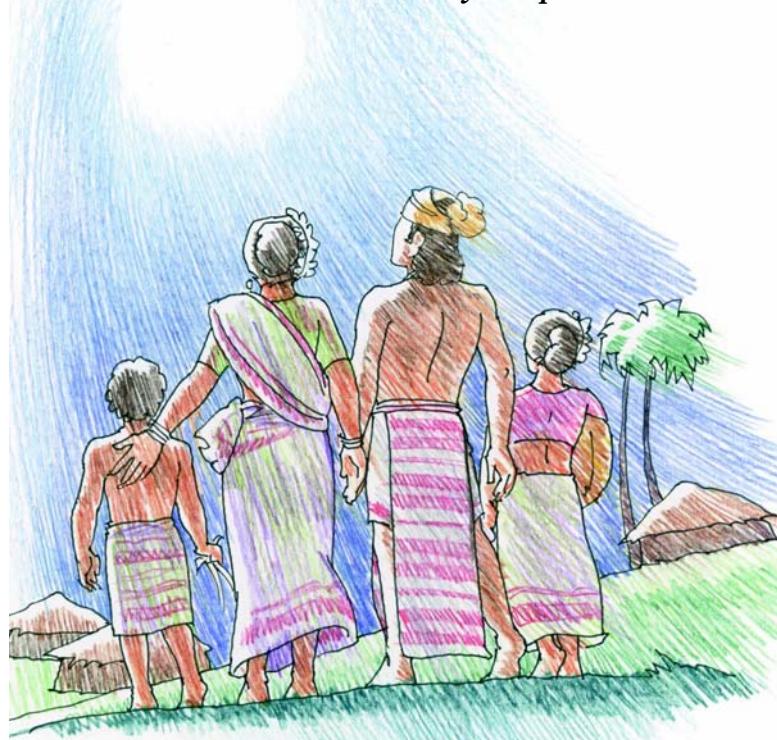
he asked, "are things any better, now that you have day and night? Do you feel better after resting all night?"

"Oh yes!" they told him, "we feel better in the morning. But we cannot see when it is dark. So we get hurt. And lose things. And break things. It is really very difficult after it gets dark. Can't we have the *singi* at night, too? It is so difficult to do without light."

"No," said the creator, "You can't have the *singi*. He has to set every evening like I said. But I shall give you something else. Something with less light. You will be able to see but you will not be able to work. You will have a nice, soothing glow which will make things easier and stop you from getting into accidents. You'll have the *chandu*."

And then he created the moon. It rose in the sky and shone softly. People could see, but the light did not hurt their eyes. Or stop them from sleeping. It was a happy life with the *singi* in the day and *chandu* at night! And that is how the moon was created!

- By Swapna Dutta



Glossary

Singi bonga : the creator

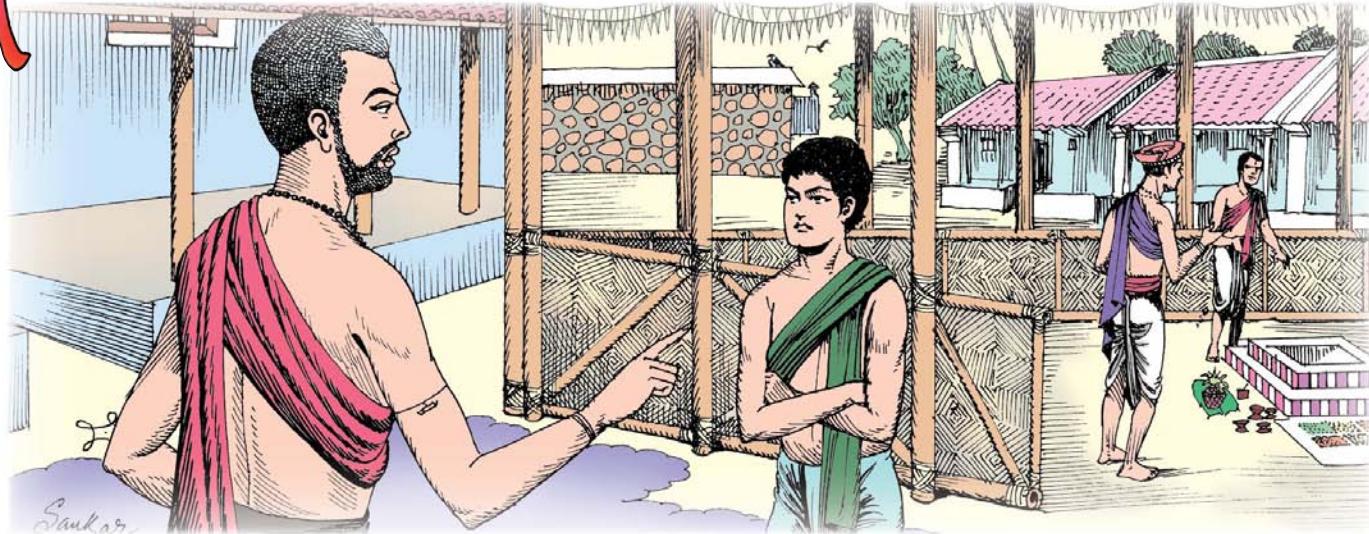
Singi : sun

Horo : man

Ipil : stars

Chandu : moon

The animal that laughed and wept



A pious householder once wished to carry out a Yajna – the ancient fire rite that would ensure him some success in life or bring him piety. A goat was required to be sacrificed for the kind of rite the man proposed to perform.

The householder was a teacher. He asked two of his students to proceed to the house of a landlord, who was one of his former students, and ask for a goat. The two young men did so. They returned with a bonny goat.

Preparations began for the Yajna the next day, early in the morning.

“Now, boys, lead the goat to the lake at the foot of the hill and give it a good bath. Thereafter decorate it with a garland and apply vermillion to its forehead. Then bring it here,” the teacher instructed his students, while keeping himself busy with the other arrangements necessary for the rite.

The two young men led the goat to the lake. By that time two other students had joined them. They plucked flowers from the jungle around the lake and made a garland of them. The goat, after being bathed, was dragged out to the bank. But as the students put the garland around its neck, something strange happened: the goat laughed!

Whoever had heard of a laughing goat? The young men got scared. The goat goggled its eyes and looked at them. It seemed to relish their uneasiness.

As the young men stood looking at one another, unable to decide what to do, something equally strange happened once again. This time the goat wept!

One of the students ran to their teacher and reported their bizarre experience. “The creature must have been possessed by some supernatural being,” said the teacher. He was not sure if it would be in the fitness of things to sacrifice a goat that was possessed. He accompanied the student to the spot.

The goat fixed its gaze on the teacher. Its eyes were quite expressive. Next moment something far more unexpected happened. “You’ve guessed right,” said the goat in an eerie tone. “I’m the spirit of a householder like you, and I have possessed this goat. Not that I am doing this for the first time. Four hundred and ninety nine times before this have I done the same thing – have possessed four hundred and ninety nine goats, each of which was sacrificed by pious people like you. Do you know why I had to dwell in goats – or almost become goats?” it asked the teacher.

"No," said the teacher, trembling with fear. "I do not know who you are!"

"It is because I, a prosperous householder that I was, once sacrificed a goat for a certain rite just as you are out to do. It is that action of mine which brought this fate to me. I was condemned to experience the agony of being sacrificed five hundred times. This will be my last turn. That is why I laughed—a laughter of relief," explained the goat.

By that time the teacher had regained his wit. "I understand why you laughed. But why did you weep?" he asked.

"Must you know its reason? Well, I wept on account of *your* fate. You, too, have to undergo this ordeal five hundred times after your death. Do you understand? Fine. Now, kindly do not tarry here. Let's go to the site of the rite. Please bring your axe down on my neck as soon as you can. I look forward to being liberated from my sin," said the goat.

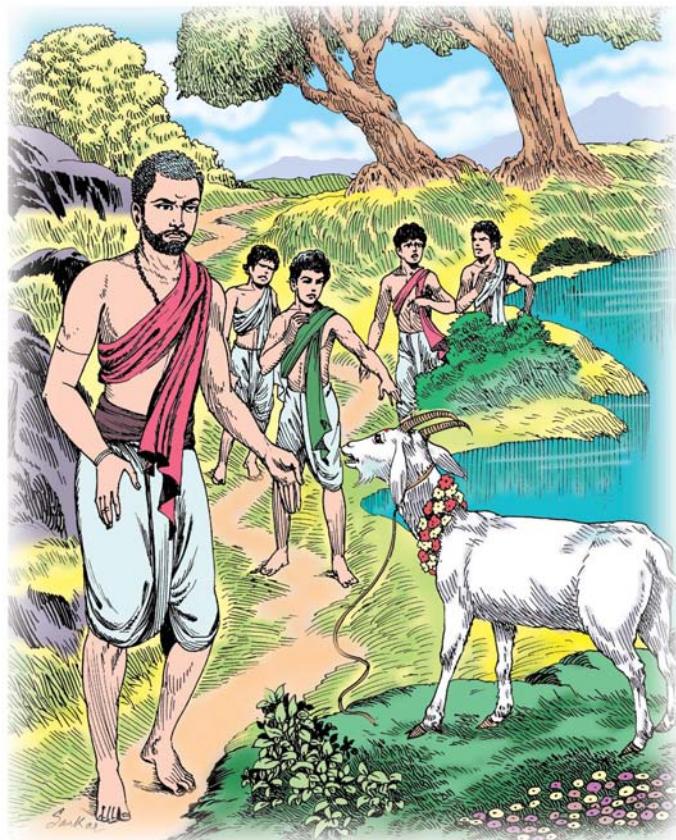
But the teacher had given up his plan to carry out the sacrifice. "You are free to roam about in the forest. I'm not interested in taking away your life," he told the goat.

"Oh no!" cried out the goat. "Please kill me. As soon as the goat in which I dwell now is killed, I'll be free. Probably I'll be born as a human being and do something worthwhile instead of sacrificing goats. So, I appeal to you not to make any further delay."

"No, I cannot do that," asserted the teacher.

"But I'm destined to be liberated today. If you don't kill me, maybe I shall be killed by a tiger," said the goat.

Meanwhile a storm was gathering and suddenly a terrible gust of wind shook all the trees around the lake.



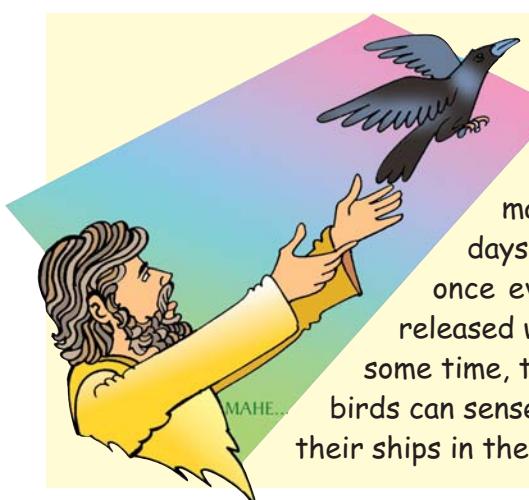
Trunks of a few trees broke down with a terrific noise. The teacher and his students rushed into a cave for shelter. In front of their eyes they saw a lightning striking the goat dead!

While they were on their way back to the village after the storm, the students asked the teacher, "Should we go and get another goat?"

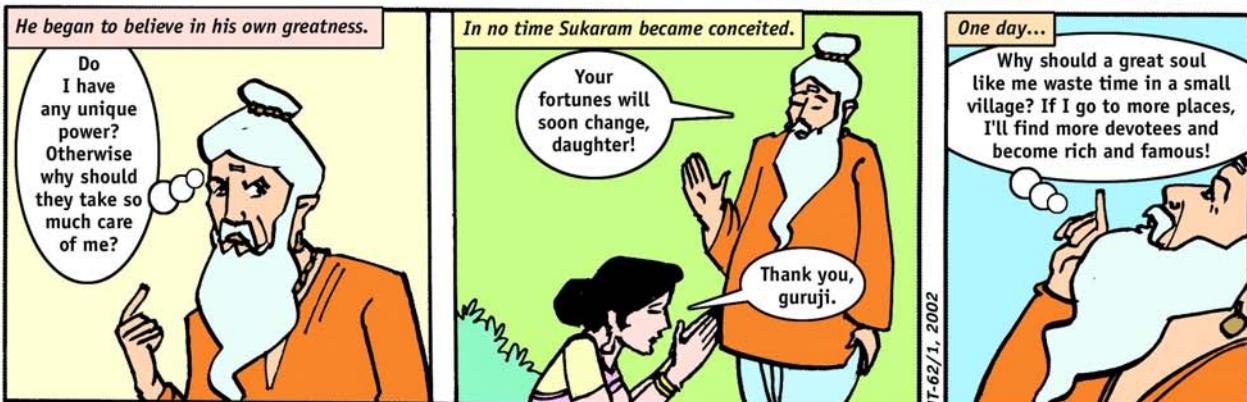
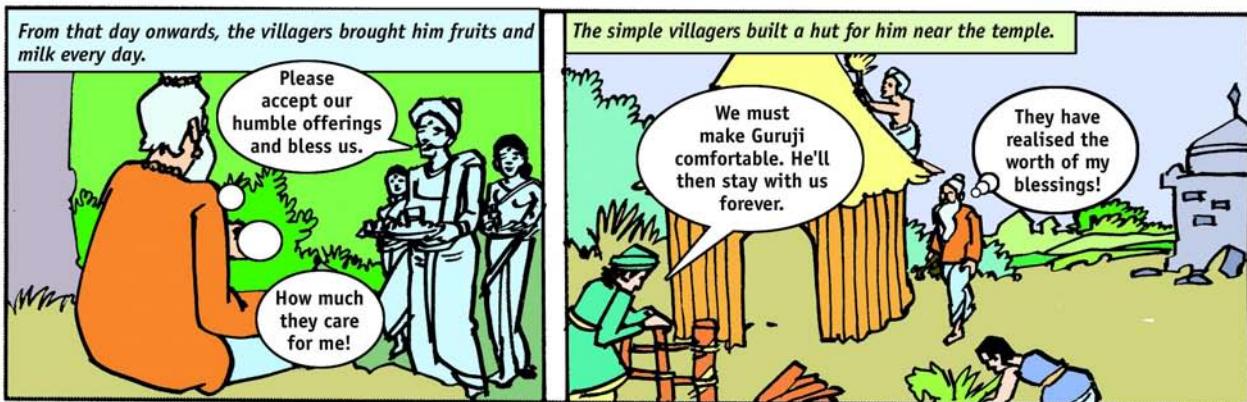
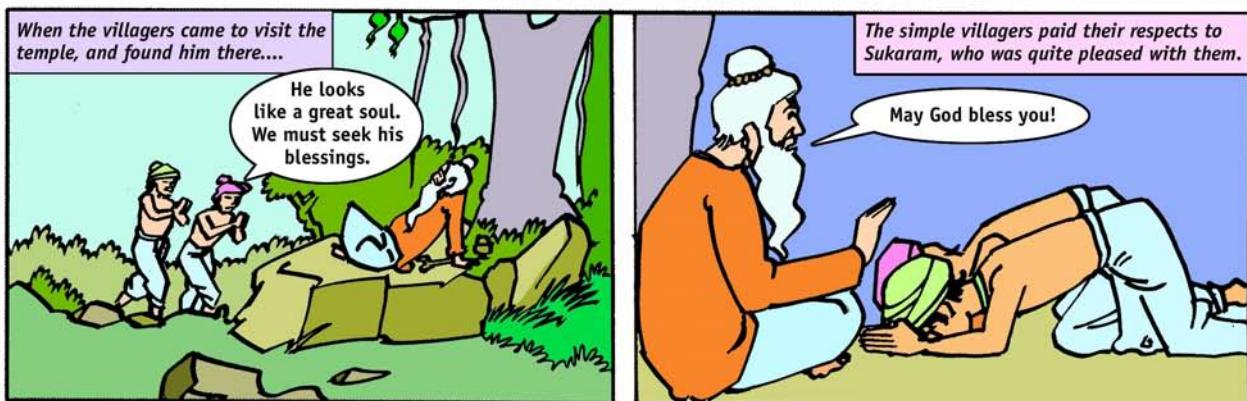
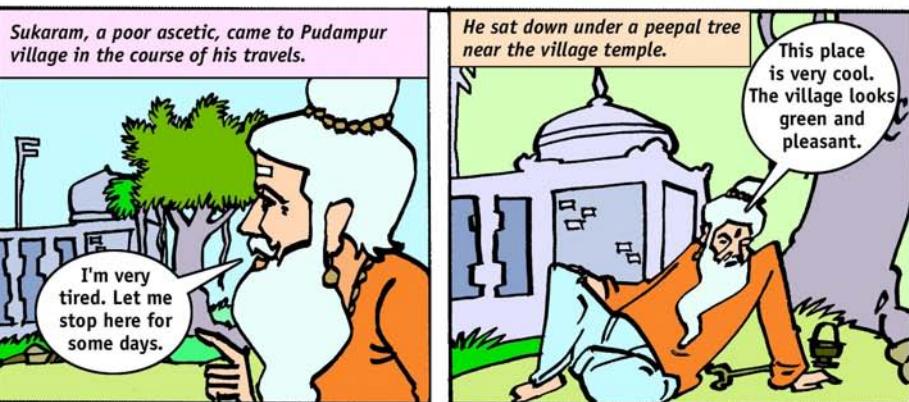
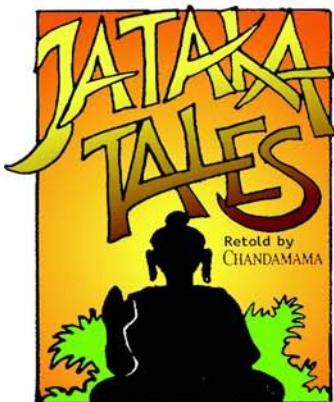
"By no means, my boys, I'm not going to sacrifice a goat. The Yajna can be performed without that," replied the teacher.

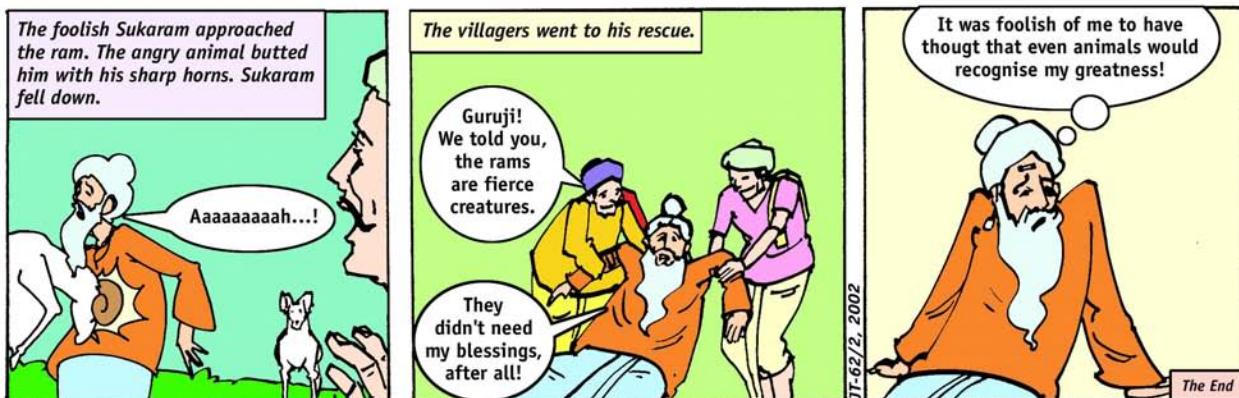
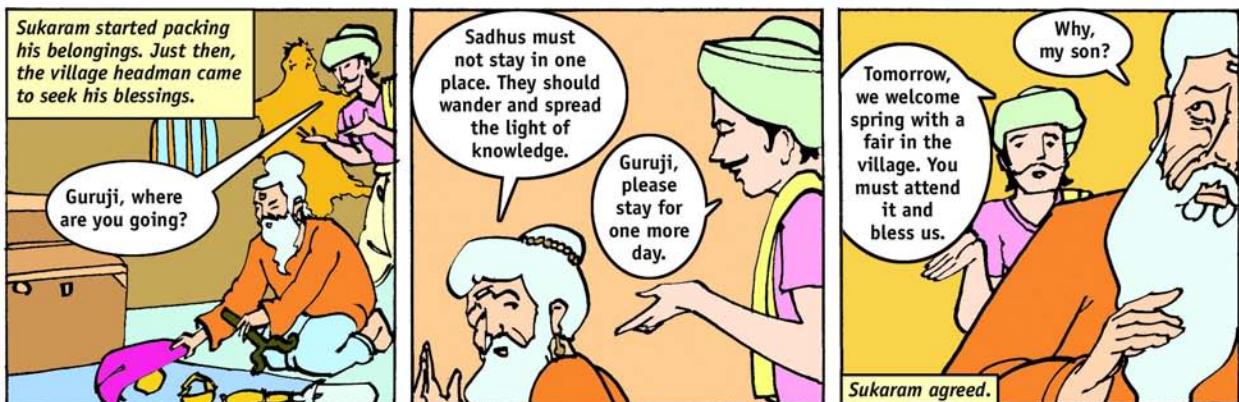
- *By Viswavasu*

As the ravens fly



Do you know how the ancient Vikings found their way to new lands when they went exploring over the high seas? They carried many ravens with them when they started on a journey. A few days after leaving the shores, they would begin to release a bird once every few days. In the beginning of the voyage, those ravens released would fly back to the shore from where they started. But after some time, the ravens would fly away in the direction of a new land because birds can sense directions and land effortlessly. The Vikings would then steer their ships in the direction the birds had taken.





NEWS FLASH

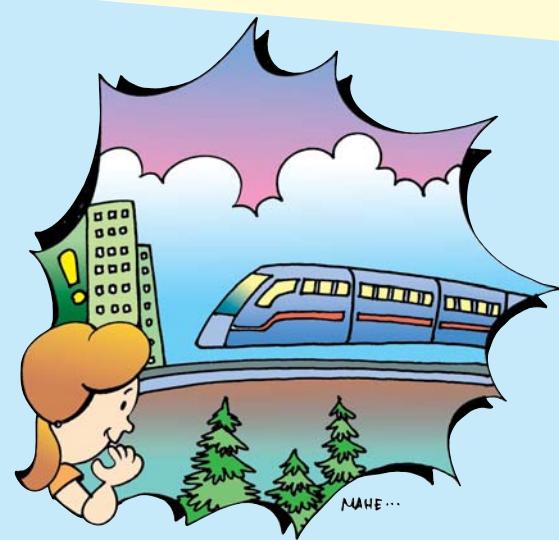


Greeting god of poverty

On New Year day, people in Japan traditionally visit shrines in their locality and pray for good fortune. It was different at the shrine in a small rural town, Iida, some 200 km from Tokyo. At the ramshackle hut, which is the temple of the "god of poverty," the visitors were invited to kick a log symbolising their misfortune. The master of rites, Tessen Sakurai, who had established the shrine in 1998 at the height of the economic slump from which Japan suffered, told the 'devotees' not to kick with their toes, but with the soft sole. They did just that while chanting "Go away, go away, go away!"

12-year-old fends for himself

Rufus Pollack (12), a resident of southwest London, came back from school and found that his mother Jill Parker (53) was not at home. She did not return that day, or the next, and the next twelve days. The boy spent the entire fortnight hoping that he would see his mother when he returned from school one evening. The lady's colleague at their office took her long absence amiss and went to enquire. It was only then that she, and the world, knew that the boy was fending for himself all along. The thought that his mother was "missing" never occurred to Rufus and so he did not go to the police! The lady was later located in a hotel near her home and was charged with child neglect.



Train that 'floats'

China's most populous city, Shanghai, saw the fastest German-built 'maglev' train go from its financial district Pudong to the airport 31 km away and return in 14 minutes at a speed of 400 km per hour. On board were the Chinese Premier Zhu Rongji and his German counterpart Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder. The magnetically levitated railroad floats on air a few millimetres above the track. A taxi ride to and fro the airport normally takes one hour.



In a certain village lived an old couple. One day the old man called his wife and said, "I need some money badly. Take one of our cows to the market and sell it."

The old woman proceeded to the market dragging a cow. In the neighbouring village lived three young men who were notorious for their wickedness. They conspired amongst themselves and decided to compel the old woman to sell the cow to them at a very low price. Accordingly, one of them appeared before her and said, "Granny! Are you going to sell this goat? What price are you expecting?"

"Are you blind? Don't you see that it's a cow?" said the old woman with a scowl.

The young man laughed and said, "Granny, you're mistaken. This is a goat. If you intend to sell it, you need not take the trouble of going up to the market. I am ready to buy it for Rs.30."

The angry old woman raised her stick and the young man fled.

But she had hardly gone a furlong when a second young man showed himself and asked her, "Where are you going, Granny?"

"To the market, sonny! My husband asked me to sell one of our cows," said the woman.

"And by mistake you brought a goat instead of a cow, is it?" observed the young man.

"How do you say so? What I'm taking is nothing but a cow!" protested the woman.

"It is not a cow, Granny! I am afraid you can't see properly. However I can buy it for Rs.25," chuckled the young man.

"Cow or goat, I won't sell it for that price," said the woman and began to walk faster.

But she felt much perturbed. Why did people see her cow as a goat? What was the mystery?

Suddenly the third young man approached her and said, "Granny! If you mean to sell this goat, I'll buy it for Rs.20."

"Do you think this is a goat? But I am sure it is a cow!" mumbled the woman.

"Haha!" the young man laughed and said, "Such mistakes are not uncommon with people of your age, Granny!"

"But one buyer had offered Rs.30 for it. Why should I give it to you for twenty?" said the woman.

"Well, I can certainly buy such a goat for Rs.20 at the market. However, I shall give you Rs.30 because you have no time to go there."

The woman handed

over the cow for Rs.30 and returned home and told her husband all that had happened. From the description she gave of the three young men, the old man had no difficulty in knowing who they were. He said, "Don't worry. I will see what can be done."

The old man went into the forest and caught two rabbits. He kept one of them in a sack at home and went out carrying the other one. While going out he instructed his wife to prepare bread, hot milk and chicken curry for themselves as well as for three guests. "When I ask you what you have cooked, say that you have prepared whatever the rabbit asked you to prepare!"

When the old man reached the neighbouring village, the three young friends were sipping some drink in a



tavern. They giggled at the sight of the old man. One of them said, "Hello, old boy, your wife is a very clever lady, isn't she?"

"No," replied the old man, "she is not clever, for, today some people took away our cow for only thirty chips after convincing her that it was a goat! But she has many virtues. For example, she is an excellent cook."

"That is fine," said the young men and laughed.

"That reminds me," said the old man, "I forgot to give her directions about what she should cook today. But that does not matter. I will send my rabbit with instructions."

While the young men looked on, the old man lifted up the rabbit and told it, "Run and tell my wife that she should keep ready bread, hot milk and chicken curry. Do you understand?" he gave the rabbit a mild slap and let it go. It shot into the nearby bush instantly.

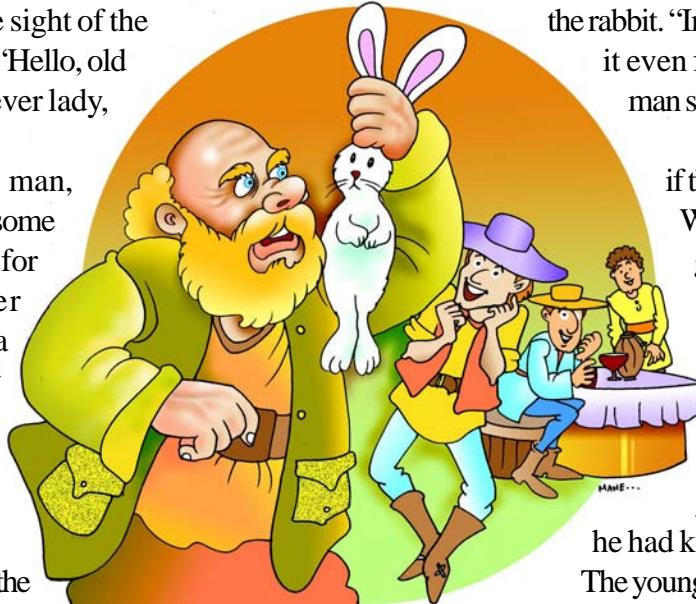
"Are you mad?" asked one of the young men. "How can a rabbit convey your message?"

"Why not? It's an extraordinary rabbit. If you want to see for yourselves, why don't you come with me?"

The young men accompanied the old man to his house. The old man asked his wife. "What have you cooked?"

"Well, whatever the rabbit said!" was her reply.

The old man asked her to lay the table for all of them. While eating, the young men whispered among themselves and at the end they expressed their desire to buy



the rabbit. "Impossible! I will not part with it even for Rs.10,000," said the old man sternly.

"Why don't you give it away if these nice young men want it? We are old. How long are we going to live? You have to sell it some time. If not today, tomorrow!" said the old man's wife.

After showing some reluctance, the old man gave away the rabbit which he had kept at home, for Rs.10,000.

The young men were very happy. "Let's send the rabbit to our homes with instructions," they said and after giving it the addresses of their homes and the message it was to convey, they let it go.

The rabbit disappeared.

But the young men soon found out that the rabbit did not reach any of the three addresses. They could not understand what happened to the precious creature.

They hurried back to the old man and reported that the rabbit was missing.

"Did you give it a pat before letting it go?" asked the old man.

"No!" answered the young men.

"Then it must have become wind!" said the old man.

"Wind? How can a rabbit become wind?" demanded the three young men.

"Don't shout!" said the old man, "If a cow can turn into a goat, why can't a rabbit turn into wind? Now, get out! Or I'll go to the king and report the whole matter."

The young men slunk away quietly.

Startling Stats!



Did you know that

- Kolkata ranked first among eight major Indian cities in terms of noise pollution?
- there was just one tree to every 19 persons in Mumbai?
- Mumbai and Delhi generate as much waste water as 241 class II towns put together?

Conceived and compiled by Anoop Babani

Source: Humanscape



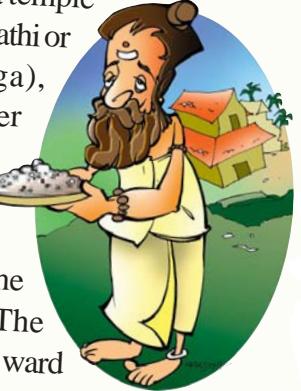
Silky ways

When you think of silks, what parts of India come to your mind? Kancheepuram, Mysore, Murshidabad, Varanasi, Kashmir....? Now chew this: the traditional silk industry of all these places in India actually originated from the silk weavers of Gujarat. All the forms of silk that are native to our country, be it the *muga* silk of the east, the *tussar* of Varanasi or the *eri* originated in Gujarat. The silk weavers of the south and those of Murshidabad and also Varanasi can actually trace their descent back to the silk weavers of Saurashtra of the past. According to an inscription, big groups and families of silk weavers migrated out of Gujarat following a great fire that took place in a silk town of that region in the 14th century. But other records say that silk weavers migrated in large numbers out of the State even as early as the 8th century.



Say it with pepper

Roses, jasmine, marigolds and hibiscus – these are not the only things you can offer to your deity. You could offer pepper, too! Yes, pepper! In the town of Kodungallur in northern Kerala is a temple dedicated to Bhagavathi or Bhadrakali (Durga), where devotees offer pepper to the goddess along with other items. Kali denotes black, the colour of pepper. The goddess is believed to ward off attack of small pox which leaves black scars for several years.



Sitting in



Browse through a newspaper and you are sure to come across a report about a *dharna* in some part of the country. A *dharna* or a *gherao* is what happens when someone is not listening to our demands and you want to drive home your point. It is a technique of forcing someone to meet your demands by starving or sitting at his doorstep till he gives in. And if you think this is a new-fangled technique, banish any such thought. Indians have been holding dharnas for goodness knows how many centuries. Ancient books of law and chronicles of the legal systems do speak of the *gherao*, which was also called *acharita* then. According to these texts, not only the common people but even kings, ministers and courtiers resorted to *dharna* to have their demands met.

Techniques of *dharna* that have been documented include sitting in, fasting, even self-immolation. It wouldn't be wrong to say that *gherao* is very much in our blood!



Dear eco friends,

Do you know why we observe April 22 as Earth Day every year? Earth Day serves to remind us of the need to care for and protect the earth, which is our home. I'm planning to observe the next Earth Day in a big way! How about you? Here are a few things you can do to make this Earth Day meaningful.

You can do most of it yourself, or with your family, friends or even at school. Remember, even little gestures will go a long way to save the earth. Plan TODAY to make your Earth Day fruitful.

Love
KOPRA KUTTY

Take an eco-oath!

Have you heard of an eco-oath! Take one on Earth Day. An oath to save the earth. To show greater concern and be more conscious of everything you do. Frame an eco-oath along with your friends. And live up to it forever. Your oath should be short, crisp, and meaningful. Here are a few suggestions. You could take an oath to give up polythene bags or to wear only cotton clothes or to give up using synthetic colours on Holi, and never to use leather, pearls and ivory.



Go on an energy fast!



Fasting comes naturally to Indians, doesn't it? So let's do a really effective one for Earth Day. This is called energy fasting and this means to turn off all non-essential energy for the day. Energy here means all kinds of energy - cooking gas, electricity, petroleum, other fuels. You can practise this at school or home.

Try the following energy fast ideas:

1. Persuade your parents not to use their scooters and cars. Use only public transport, bicycles or best of all, WALK wherever you want to go!
2. Don't keep non-essential electronic items on the whole day; switch off television, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, music and stereo systems when not in use.
3. Use essential electrical appliances only where absolutely necessary. Remember to switch off all unnecessary lights and fans.
4. Do the bare minimum cooking. This does not mean you must eat out the whole day. That would defeat the very purpose of observing Earth Day! Try to include more of sprouts, vegetables, fruits, curds and juices in your diet. Use the cooking gas, oven, mixer-grinder sparingly.

Make this Holi special!

Did you know that the synthetic colours that you play Holi with are harmful for you? Whether they be powders, pastes or coloured water, they all contain harmful chemicals like lead oxide, copper sulphate, aluminium bromide, mercury sulphite, mica, acids, alkalis and pieces of glass, which not only induce skin disorders like abrasion, irritation, itching but can impair vision, cause respiratory problems, and even cancer.

So what is the alternative? Do we give up playing Holi with colours? No! There is a solution. The National Botanical Research Institute, Lucknow, has developed organic colours from vegetable dyes. In many cities

special eco-friendly Holi colours are available for sale. Please use only these. And if they are not available where you live, revert to the traditional way and make your own colours!

By soaking colourful flowers and leaves overnight and boiling them in the water the next morning, you will get rich colours that you can safely use.

Here are some suggestions for making eco-friendly colours: *tesu* flowers- rich yellow colour, marigold flowers or pomegranate peels - for yellow, beetroot or the stem of castor (*aran*) - for rich magenta red, henna (mehendi leaves) - for orange red, turmeric for yellow.

Courtesy: Toxics Link, Delhi.



Make Earth Day posters

Make posters that will create awareness in your school and neighbourhood of the need to celebrate Earth Day meaningfully. Your poster could carry thoughtful messages on the need to protect animals, to not pollute the environment, the need to save water, and the need to be eco-friendly.

And please do remember to make your posters eco-friendly, too. No paints, no cardboard and chart paper specially bought for the purpose, no synthetic glue or gum.

Tear out boards from used cardboard cartons, or throwaway thermocole sheets. Cut out colourful pictures from old magazines and books, or use old ribbons, cotton, cloth, the aluminium foil that food articles come packaged in, and any other junk that catches your eye.

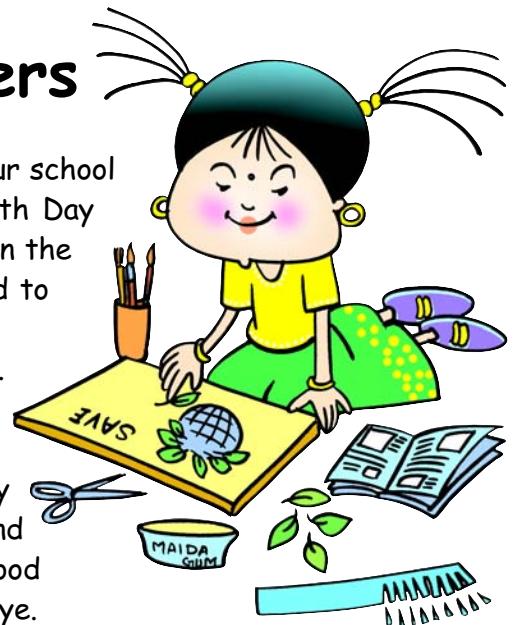
Stick these to your board or thermocole - but not with synthetic glue. Make your own glue by boiling a thick paste of *maida*, or mashing some softly cooked rice into a paste.



You could decorate your poster with fluffy balls of cotton, leaves, grass, wigs, flowers, fruit peels, seeds, nuts, grains and what have you! Or stick the unused side of paper like printed letters and circulars on to your board.

Write out your messages with pencil or pen. Better still, make your own vegetable paints and paint your posters!

And do write to tell us how you observed Earth Day!



Wish you a happy, healthy and safe Holi this year!

When they were young ...

Learning to earn

It is natural for children to want to buy all that they wish to. When you have some money in your hands and you see a number of things that you want to buy, what do you do? Do you buy all that catches your fancy or discriminate between a good bargain and a bad one?

There was this young lad who knew just the best way to use his money. No wonder when he grew up, he became the world's first millionaire!

He was just ten years old when one day, he heard a strange conversation between his father and a visitor to their house. He was requesting his father for a loan of 50 dollars. "I need the money immediately!" the visitor was saying. "I shall pay 7 per cent interest on it and return the loan as early as possible." Fifty dollars might sound like a pittance today, but way back in 1849, when this happened, it was a big fat sum of money. And the boy's father did not have that much amount to lend!

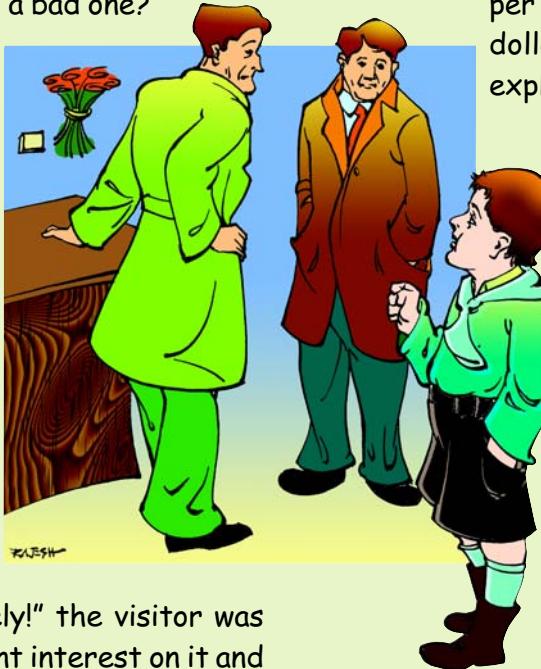
Just then the little boy pitched in. In a small, hesitant voice, he asked, "What is seven per cent, uncle?" The two men turned to him. The visitor explained that 'interest' was what

one earned for doing the favour of giving one's money for a short time to another who needed it badly. "If you can give me fifty dollars for one year, at the end of that one year you will get back your fifty dollars and an interest of 7 per cent on it - which will be three dollars and fifty cents extra!" explained the visitor.

The little boy immediately leapt up. "All right, sir. I shall give you fifty dollars."

The visitor gaped. The boy's father explained that his son had earned money by doing small odd jobs for his parents, like dusting, scrubbing and cleaning, ever since he was seven years old. As he did not spend money lavishly, he had saved most of it, and the money now amounted to fifty dollars.

This was John Rockefeller's first investment. He was to make many more and bigger in the future. When petroleum was first discovered and drilled in the USA, Rockefeller and his company, the Standard Oil Company, realized the full potential of this exciting new fuel and cornered a majority stake in the business. Very soon, Rockefeller became the world's first millionaire!



Every problem has in it the seeds of its own solution.
If you don't have any problems, you don't get any seeds.

-Norman Vincent Peale

Apparently there is nothing that cannot happen today.

- Mark Twain

Let Leaking Tap Leak

Can heat turn anybody's head? I don't know. But Sunita says it can.

"How can you be so cocksure?" Ranjan and I ask her.

"Look," Sunita fixes us with an you-poor-ignorant-folks stare and resumes, "I keep my eyes open. I see things. You have eyes, yet you behave as if you have no eyes, conduct yourself like the blind."

Those are strong words. They hurt. However, Ranjan and I stay cool. We want to know what is at the back of her mind before we attack her.

"Pray, tell us, oh *mahagyani*, what you see and we miss," we ask her.

"Can you see that?" she holds her index finger and points to the tap that stands on one side of the lawn in front of our house.

"Yes."

"Do you notice the little drops of water dripping from the tap?"

"Yes," I tell her.

"What does that mean?" Sunita asks.

"The tap is leaking," Ranjan says.

"So far, so good. Now, tell me, who is the first to notice leaking taps in this house?" Sunita continues.

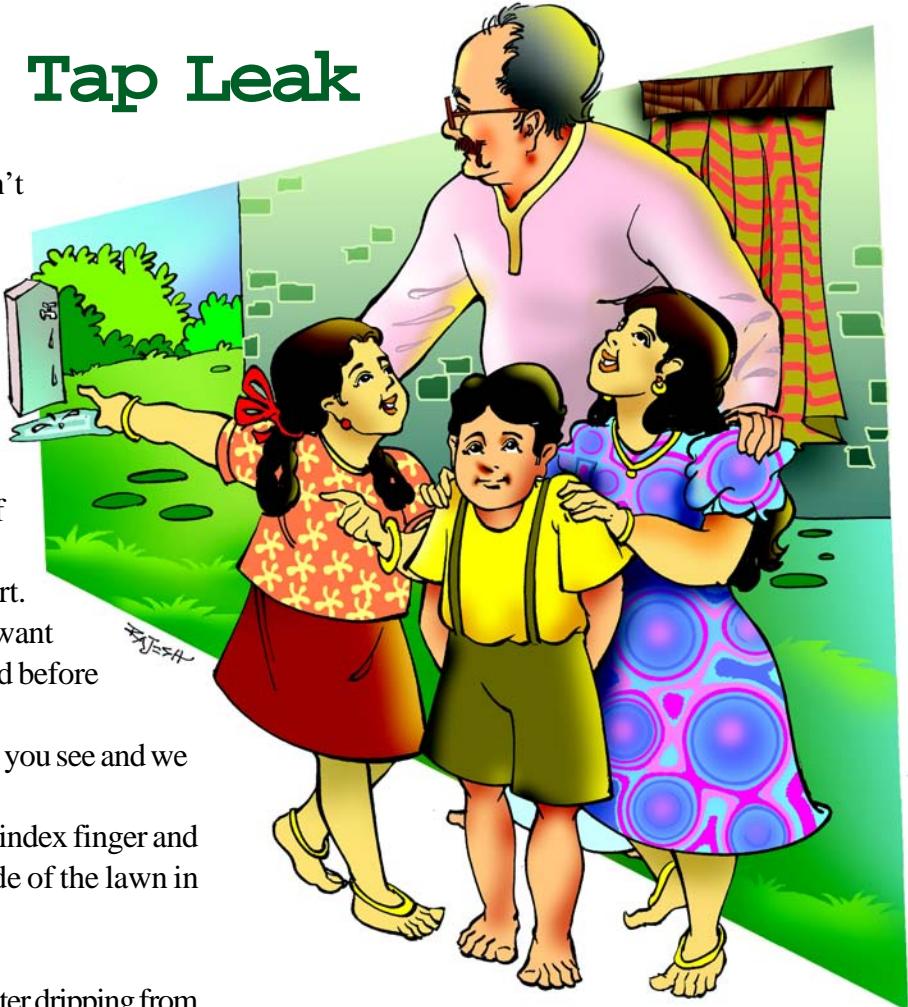
"*Thatha*, of course," both Ranjan and I respond together.

"This tap has been leaking for two days. Yet *Thatha* has not bothered to set it right. Why?" she waits for our reply. "You think that the heat has turned his head," Ranjan grunts.

"That's it," Sunita throws her head back and checks the strands of long hair that dip down her forehead out of harm's way.

"Would you say that the heat has turned the tap's head, too?" I joke.

"Just as the strands of hair make you throw your head back," Ranjan teases her.



We laugh.

That's when *Thatha* enters the scene. "Can I share the joke?" he walks up to us, gently gathers us in his outstretched arms and holds us in a loving hug.

"This joke is aimed at you," says Sunita.

"You mean I am the butt of ridicule?" *Thatha* gives us a gentle smile.

"That means ridicule, too, has a butt? Does it butt as strongly as the goat?" I ask.

"That's a good joke," says *Thatha*. He then turns to us and asks, "What have I done to earn ridicule?"

"Can't you see the tap? It leaks!" Sunita points out the tap.

"I know. I noticed that two days ago," *Thatha* smiles.

"Two days back! Yet you haven't swung into the role of the plumber? You haven't collected your tool-kit, used the monkey spanner to unscrew the tap's head, replaced the washer, screwed the head back in place, and plugged the leak," I point out.

“We all thought the summer heat has turned your head,” Sunita tells him.

“Let me tell you. I noticed the leaking tap and had almost reached out for the tool-kit. But I held myself in check. This is no major leak. Water is dripping in drops. One drop at a time. No more,” Thatha has his eyes on the leaking tap.

Then he holds his index finger on his lips and signals us to be silent by sounding a rather low “sh” that rhymes with bush and gush and rush and brush and crush and...

I seek more rhyming words held captive by my brain cells, but give up the search once my eyes catch sight of a squirrel, its tail held up, drinking from the puddle around the tap. It raises its head, every now and then checks that it has no enemy around and faces no risk before taking a few more sips.

We feel this is the greatest show on earth.

The squirrel, after having its fill, turns deftly and scurries to the bole of a mango tree that stands some distance away. It freezes on the bole, for a second, before resuming its climb.

“How I wish I could climb trees as easily as the squirrel!” I sigh.

I hear once again the “sh” that rhymes with lush and push and flush and slush... I free myself from the search for rhyming words and let my eyes rivet on a couple of sparrows that dance around the tap. They take turns to sip the water from the puddle.

Each sparrow takes in a little water, throws its head up and lets the water run down its gullet. One sip follows another; and yet another till at last it has its fill.

A flurry of wings, a few merry whirs, and the birds take to flight.

“Did you see that?” Thatha asks.

“We did.”

“Do you now know why I didn’t repair the leaking tap?” Thatha asks.

We seek the answer. But somehow we fail to get the right cue.

“Listen,” says Thatha. “It gets really hot in summer. We feel thirsty quite often. We drink water and quench our thirst. Every living thing... man, bird and beast, insect and

plant... needs water to survive. Water is essential to life. In summer, the ponds and pools dry up. So, where will the beasts and the birds find water to drink? Where else but at leaking taps?” says Thatha.

“Thatha, we now understand why you left the tap continue to leak. How foolish of us to think that the heat had turned your head,” I remark.

“Thank God, you didn’t say I have a touch of the moon, or that I have gone to seeds,” Thatha laughs.

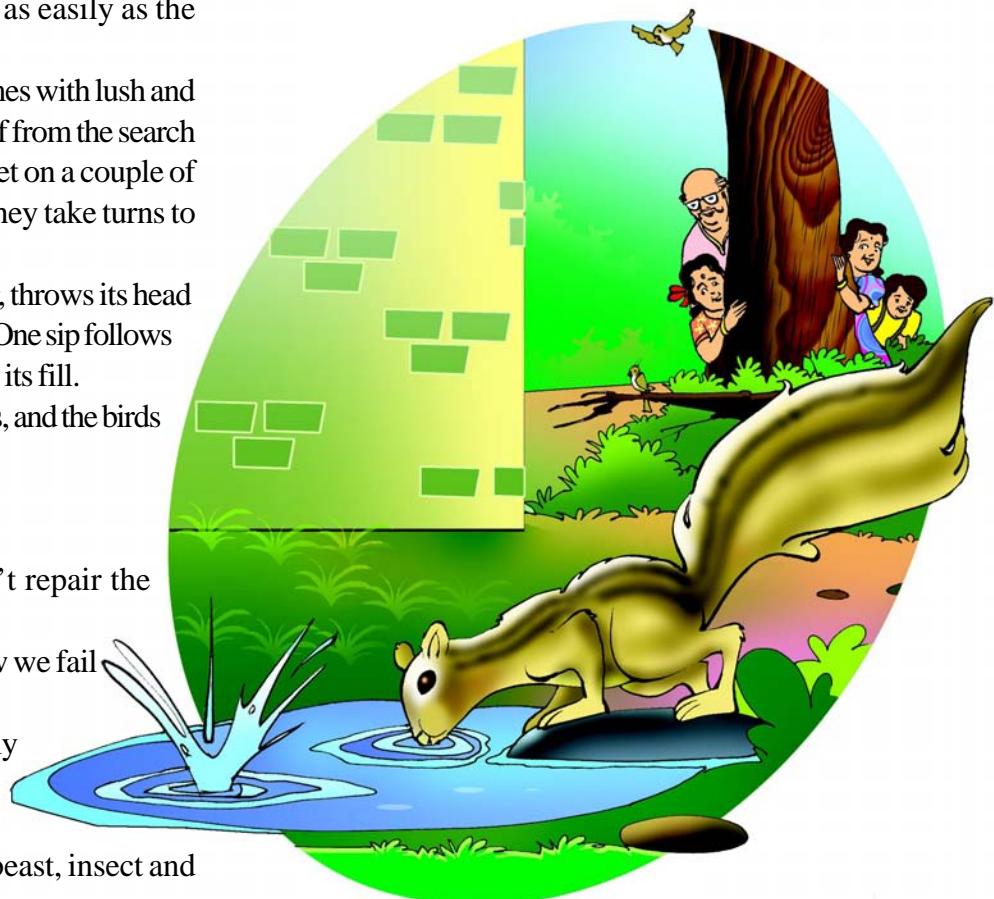
Does the moon touch a man? How can a man go to seeds? Aren’t seeds exclusive to plants?

We try to find the logic but fail. Then Thatha says, “I gave you a few idioms. Each one of them means, *one has gone mad*. Do you think I am mad because I let the tap leak?” Thatha asks.

“That reminds us of the story of St. Francis of Assisi,” Sunita says.

“Thank you. That is one comparison I like,” Thatha herds us in a warm embrace, issuing a low “sh” again on spotting a parrot landing close to the leaking tap.

- By R.K. Murthi



In Sarpadesa, at the behest of Tantrik Nagabandhu, Narendradeva starts for Chandrapuri to capture Aditya. His boat capsizes and he and the tribal chief are attacked by crocodiles.

The chief loses his life, while the commander is maimed. Aditya, who is already in Sarpadesa, manages to enter the caves where his bodyguards capture all disciples of the Tantrik. He calls for his disciples, but no one answers.

As Aditya moves towards the inner parts of the cave, he sees the Tantrik coming out, followed by Rabindradeva and the Oracle.

The Tantrik must not see me now.

Aditya plans a strategy before he takes on the Tantrik.

Capture only Rabindradeva. I shall meet the Tantrik later.



The Tantrik is surprised to see a strange aura moving towards the open yard where a fire pit is lit.

As already directed by Aditya, some tribal youth take him captive.



The Tantrik again calls for his disciples.

Where have they all vanished?

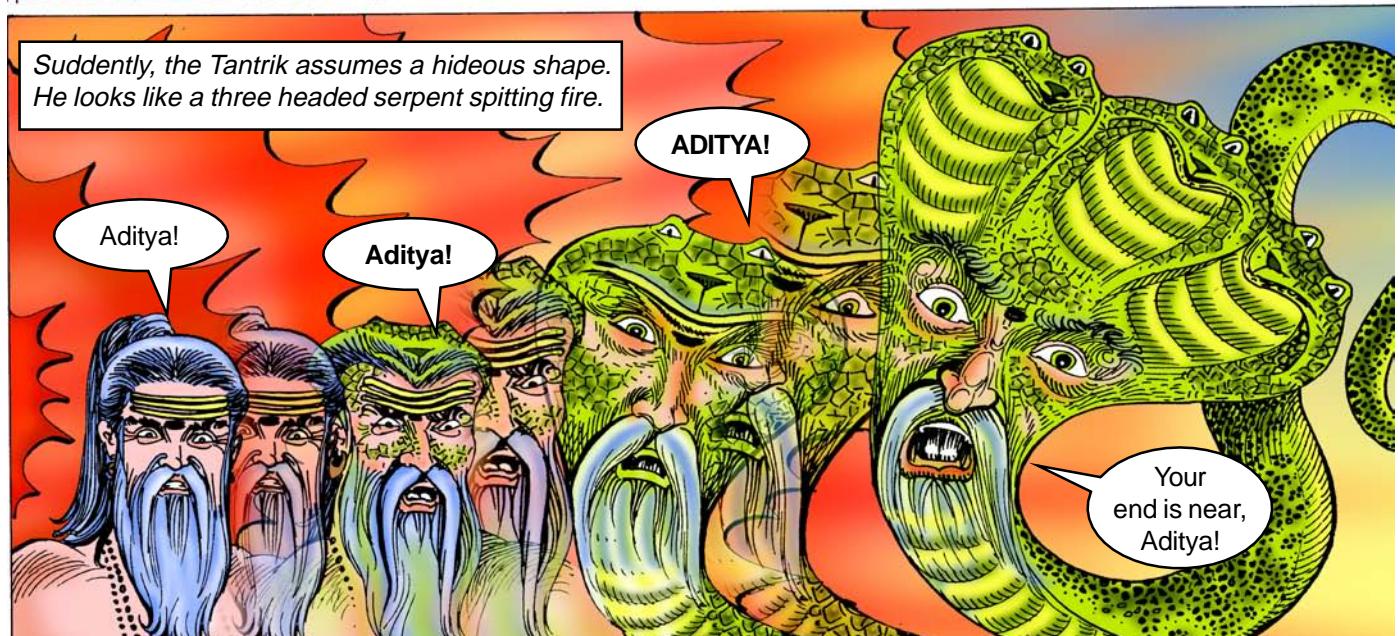
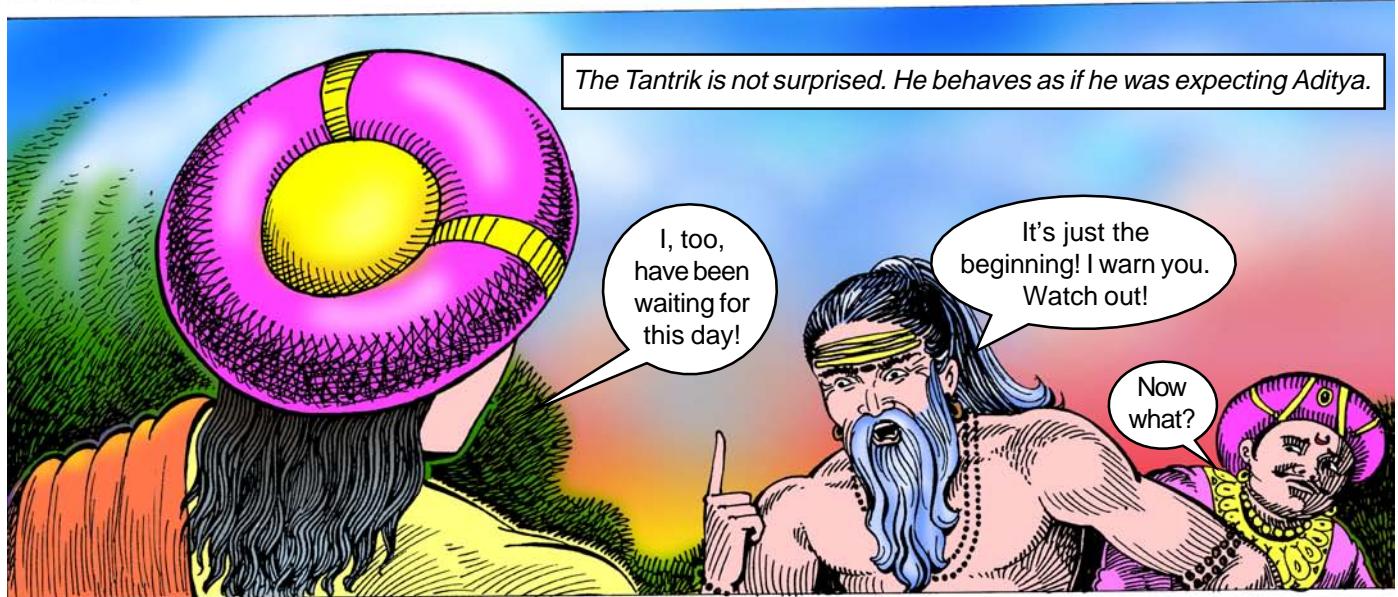
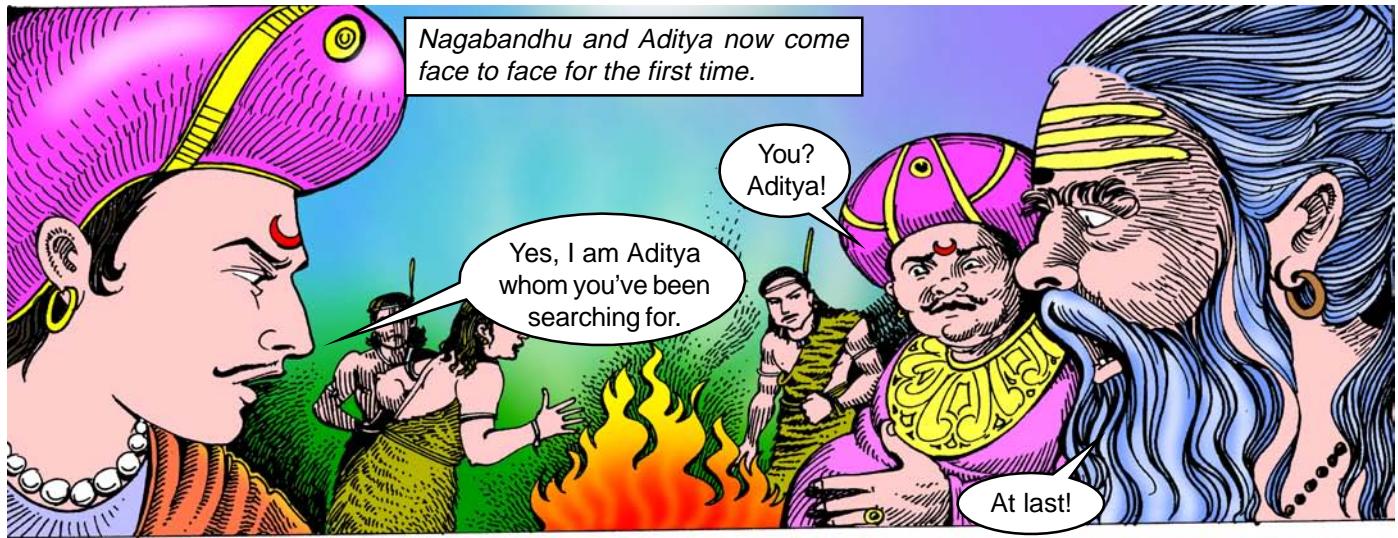
What's this? Soldiers? Here!

Aditya's bodyguards surround Rabindradeva and the Oracle, who is shocked.

Do you know who I am? Go away from here!

Who are you? What do you want?

You've to come with us, sir.



The feather inside Aditya's turban materialises into huge wings of a fearsome bird.

As the tribals and bodyguards watch with awe, the luminous eagle confronts the hideous serpent.

A fierce fight ensues. Garuda succeeds in catching the serpent in its claws. With a violent flapping of its wings...

...the bird soars into the sky. After circling over the caves and temple, Garuda swoops down and drops the serpent into the fire-pit.

(To continue)



CRISS CROSS

CLUES

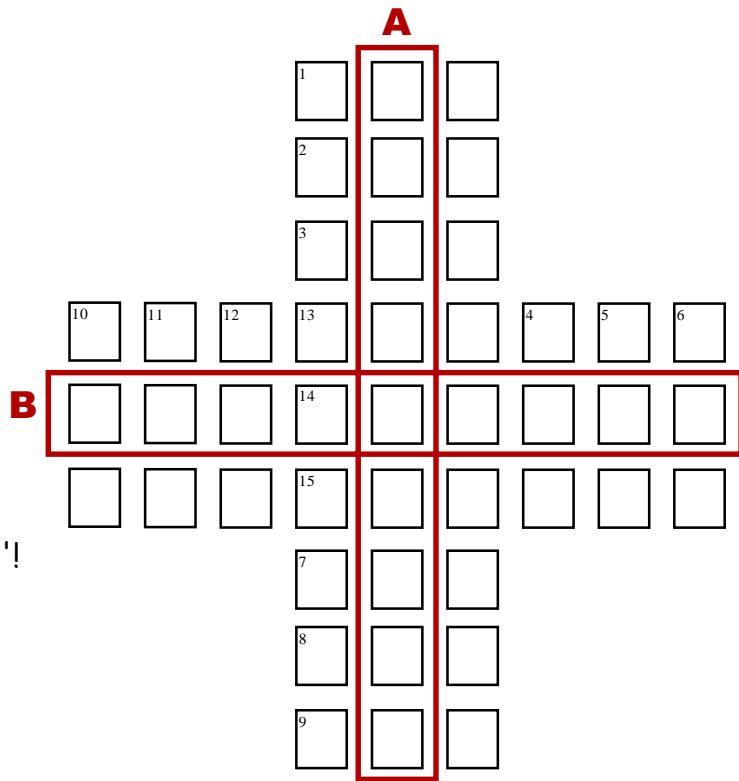
Fill in the boxes given below with the help of the clues. You will notice that the central letters of the words, when read together, form two nine-letter words. The boxes with 'A Down' and 'B Across' give clues to these two words. Did you get them?

ACROSS

1. Donkey's nick name
2. Sachin uses this
3. When you do 'this', tears come out
7. Pigs live in 'this'
8. Offence or wrong doing
9. You skate on 'this'
13. A playing card
14. A pesky rodent
15. When you burn something, you get 'this'!

DOWN

4. Waste paper basket or a dust ____
5. Hritik is the ____ of Rakesh Roshan
6. This insect's bite can be really painful
10. The day before New Year
11. Noise
12. The fall of tide



A Down : Being satirical

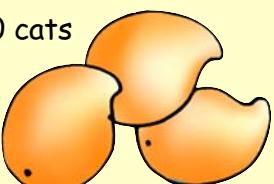
B Across : Quivering motion



Are you smart?

Think you are smart? Then here's a great new way to boost your ego. Get the answers to all these tricky questions right, and we will agree that you are a real genius.

- If three cats kill three rats in three minutes, how long will it take 200 cats to kill 200 rats?
- A shepherd had 19 sheep. All but nine died. How many sheep are left?
- Which is correct - 8 and 8 make 15, or 8 and 8 makes 15?
- If you take two mangoes from three mangoes, what will you have?
- Decipher what this could mean: AAABBBBAAAAAABB?



(Answers on page 64)

Story of Ganesa

15. Krishna observes Vinayaka Chathurthi

The sudden departure of Krishna from the court of King Satrajit had upset Princess Satyabhama more than her father. She was expecting him to seek her hand in marriage; but Satrajit told his daughter that what Krishna wanted was the precious Symantaka gem in his possession. And when the king refused to part with it, Krishna had gone away without waiting even to meet Satyabhama.

The princess was angry with her father, whom she thought was more possessive of the gem than his daughter. She doubted whether she had any place in the palace as her father cared more for the jewel. Satyabhama who had a lot of faith in Ganessa waited for the next Vinayaka Chathurthi day.

Back in Dwaraka, Krishna wondered why his consort Rukmini was looking very happy. "My lord! I'm very happy today. I am happy because you found in Satyabhama great devotion for you. I sincerely feel that she would have her desire fulfilled soon."

"All right, I agree with you," said Krishna, "but you're not saying anything about me!"

"Who am I, my lord, but the smallest of small creatures, seeking only your blessings?" said Rukmini with extreme modesty and humility.

"You seem to have taken words out of my mouth, Rukmini," remarked Krishna. "However, let me tell you what I wish for."

"The truth is, Satyabhama is full of love and affection for you, but what I have for you is only devotion," responded Rukmini.

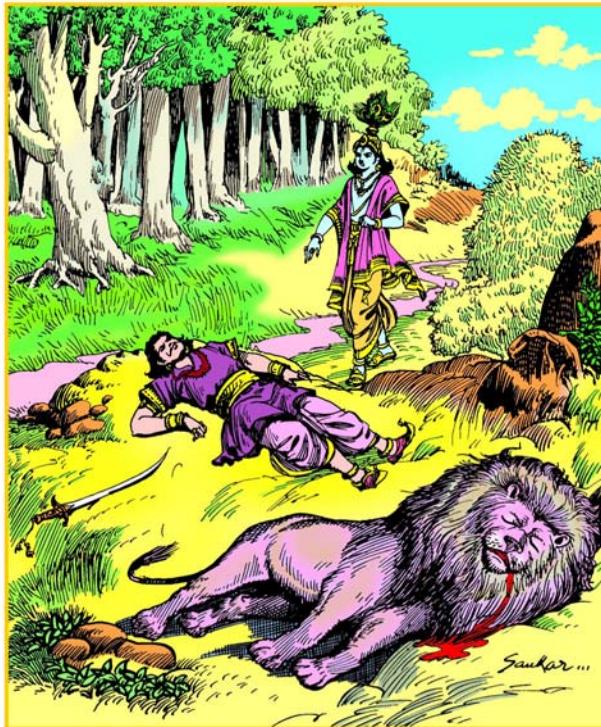
Meanwhile, a rumour was afloat that Krishna had gone to the palace of Satrajit only to steal the Symantaka gem! The person behind this mischief was none other than the king himself. When the rumour reached the ears of Krishna, he heaved a heavy sigh. 'O Vinayaka! It is all left to you to reveal the truth and absolve me from this ill repute.' Krishna left Dwaraka in search of Symantaka.

Satrajit had by now decided to marry his daughter off to King Satadhvanu. He sent his brother Prasenajit to meet Satadhvanu and take his acceptance of the proposal. Prasenajit insisted on wearing the priceless gem and started on his important mission.

As he was going through a forest, a lion was dazzled by the glitter from the gem. It pounced on Prasenajit and killed him and took the gem to his den. Jambavat, the king of bears, was attracted by the bright rays emanating from the cave. He attacked the lion, who was mortally wounded, and carried away the gem and gave it to his daughter Jambavati.

When Prasenajit did not come back for a long time, Satrajit presumed that Krishna would have taken the gem and spread the rumour. Satadhvanu and Jarasandha, both of whom were hoping to marry Satyabhama, assured Satrajit that they would help him recover the Symantaka from Krishna.

Krishna, who had started in search of the precious gem, saw Prasenajit lying dead. There was a lion, too, lying dead near his body. He could also notice footprints of Jambavat. Krishna followed the footprints which led him to the cave where the bear was living. He found Jambavati playing with the gem.



Jambavat had found Jambavati as a baby abandoned in the forest. He picked her up and took her to his cave and brought her up as his own daughter.

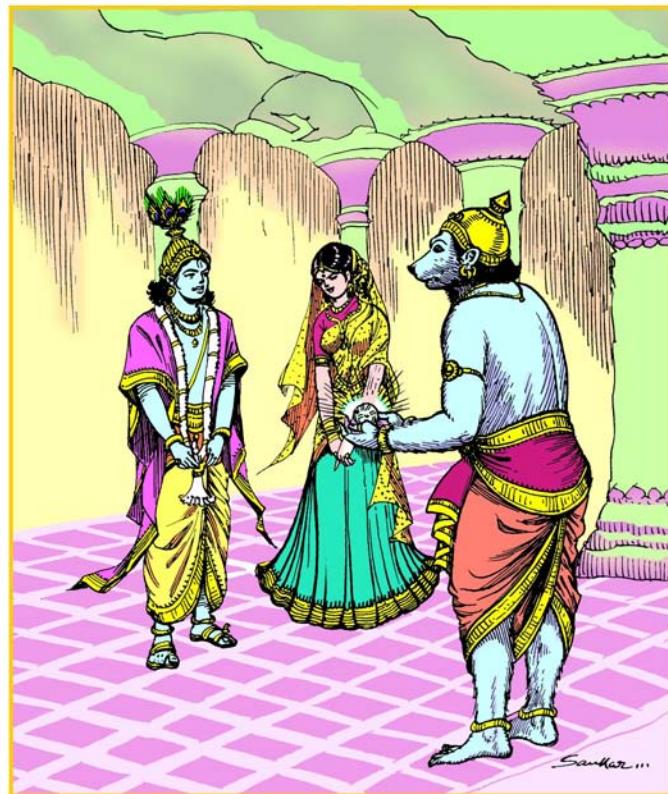
Krishna caught hold of the girl's hand to take the Symantaka. Jambavati was unable to free herself from Krishna's grip and looked at his eyes coyly. At that moment, Jambavat came into the cave and attacked Krishna.

A fierce fight ensued and Krishna hit Jambavat's chest with his powerful fist. The bear then realised that Krishna was none other than the incarnation of Rama for whom he had fought in Lanka. He prostrated before Krishna and said, "O Krishna! As you had caught hold of my daughter's hand, I take it that you both wish to marry. So, from now on, she is yours." He once again placed Jambavati's hands in Krishna's and gifted him the Symantaka.

Krishna went back to Satrajit and explained how he retrieved the Symantaka. Satrajit was now full of remorse over his accusations about Krishna, who consoled him that he had now washed away all sin by expressing regret over his action. He gave back the gem to Satrajit, who requested him to accept his daughter as his consort.

Satyabhama turned to her father and said, "Father, do you now realise who is more precious for Krishna? You were once showering your abuse on Vighneswara! I have full faith in him. He has now fulfilled my wish." She then thought of Ganesa and worshipped him with great devotion.

Vighneswara now appeared before Satyabhama and Krishna and blessed them. "Truth will prevail always!" he told them. "May the Lord shower his blessings on you both!"



Satrajit pleaded for mercy, while Krishna expressed his gratitude to Vighneswara. "It is all because of you that I could clear all allegations against me," said Krishna. "Symantaka was responsible for bringing Satyabhama to me."

"Whoever listens to the story of the Symantaka and Satyabhama will get absolved of all accusations!" remarked Vighneswara before disappearing from Satrajit's palace.

Krishna went back to Dwaraka where he lived with Rukmini, Satyabhama, and Jambavati. Along with them, he worshipped Vighneswara and began observing Vinayaka Chathurthi.

Divide and grow



Did you know that the earthworm, cut in two halves, can still survive? It has several sets of vital organs throughout its body, which is why even if it is cut in half it can still be alive. If it is cut in the middle, its two ends will usually regenerate; if it is cut away from the middle, one segment will live. However if it is cut at too many places, the earthworm will die.



damage to automobiles, windows, roofs, crops, and animals.

Hail

Have you seen a hailstorm? During a hailstorm what falls from the sky is not water but little bits of ice! Hail is actually a frozen raindrop. It is a product of thunderstorms or intense showers. The hailstone is generally white and translucent.

Do you know how a raindrop on its way down from the cloud turns into a hailstone? When the rain falls, the vertical currents that are rising catch some of the raindrops. They carry them up to an area where the temperature is below the freezing point. Here the raindrops freeze and again start falling down. On their way down, they gather more moisture and are carried up again. Soon the raindrops have several layers of ice around them. When they become too heavy to be carried up by the vertical currents, they fall down as hailstones. Hailstones may be as small as raindrops or larger than a baseball. Large hails cause extensive

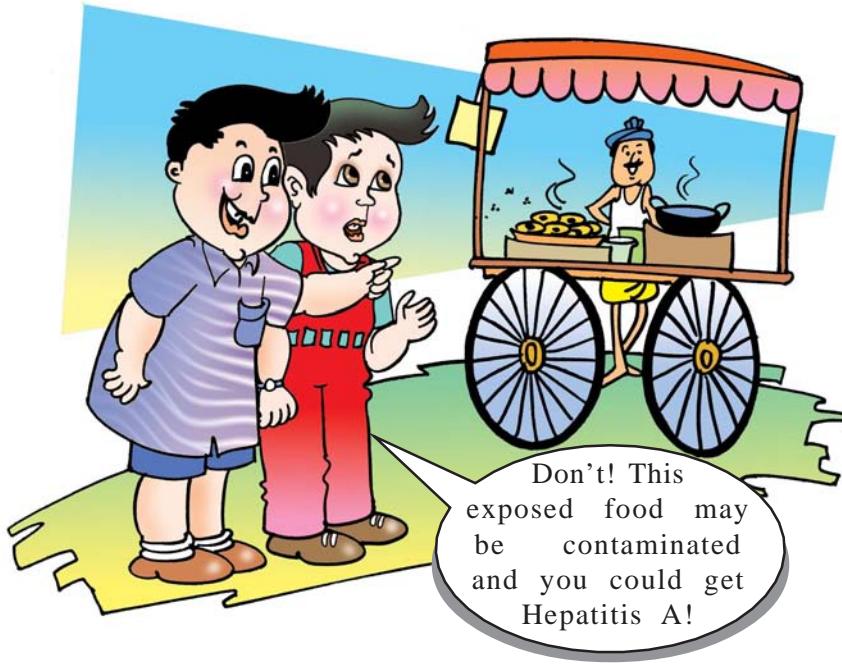
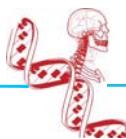
Hamster

Hamsters are small animals that belong to the mouse family. They are about 12.7 cm long and have light brown fur. They weigh between 112 and 140 gm. They live for about three years.

Hamsters are great hoarders of food. They have special storage pouches inside their cheeks which they fill with food whenever they come across it. They then scurry home and stash it all away safely! And do you know how they get the food out of their pouches? They push their necks and cheeks with their paws to move the food out of the pouches and then spill them out!

Hamsters eat grains, fruit, seeds, insects, worms, and bird's eggs. They live in tunnels, 1.2 to 1.5m below the ground. Here they make many chambers to store food. They sleep in these tunnels during the day and come up at night to search for food. Hamsters make very good pets. When tamed, they are gentle. There are many species of hamsters. The common or the black hamster is found in Europe and Asia. It is about 23 cm long and is the largest kind of hamster.





Hepatitis

Hepatitis is a liver disorder. In Hepatitis, the liver gets inflamed, and becomes tender. The viruses that cause viral hepatitis are the Hepatitis A, B, C, D, and E viruses. Hepatitis A and E cause acute, short-term viral hepatitis, while B, C, and D could cause chronic or life long hepatitis.

The general symptoms of the disease are jaundice, fatigue, fever, diarrhoea, abdominal pain, nausea, and loss of appetite.

Hepatitis A is caused by the virus that enters the body through the mouth. It is

transmitted by contaminated food and water, or by touching anything that is infected by the virus.

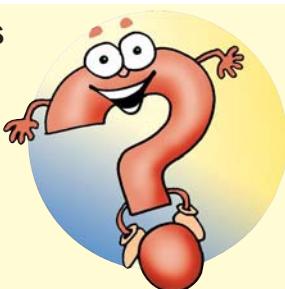
Hepatitis B causes lifelong infection, liver cancer, liver failure, and even death. It is mostly spread by blood from one infected person to another. It can also spread because of the reuse of the hypodermic needle or by sharing personal care items with an infected person. Hepatitis C is like Hepatitis B and spreads in a similar fashion. Hepatitis D needs Hepatitis B to survive and is found in the blood of the infected person. Hepatitis E also spreads through contaminated food and water.

Hepatitis can be prevented by eating healthy and clean food, living in hygienic surroundings, and getting vaccinated against the disease.

Activity

Given below are some animals and birds whose names begin with 'H'. Fill in the blanks with the help of the clues given.

1. H ___ is a skilful flier and can see objects that are both near and far. The male is smaller than the female.
2. H _____ is also known as a river horse. It has underwater vision.
3. A H ___ does not walk or run; it jumps. It has a keen sense of smell and sound.
4. A H ___ is a scavenger. It digs out the meat hidden or left by other animals.



1. Hawk
2. Hippopotamus
3. Hare
4. Hyena

Answers:

Laugh till you drop!

A good laugh
is sunshine
in a house.

- W.M. Thackeray.



Teacher: Vinay, give me an example of double negative.
Vinay: I don't know nothing, miss.
Teacher: Correct!



ଓଟେଇଣା



Sanjay: Don't you think I sing with feeling?
Atul: No, if you have any feeling you wouldn't sing.

Varsha is on a visit to a village for the first time. She asks a villager: Is this a healthy place?



Villager: Of course. Don't I look healthy? When I came here, I couldn't speak a word; I could not even walk!

Varsha: What an improvement!
How long have you been here?
Villager: I was born here.

ଓଟେଇଣା

Traveller: What's the use of your timetable? The trains are never on time.



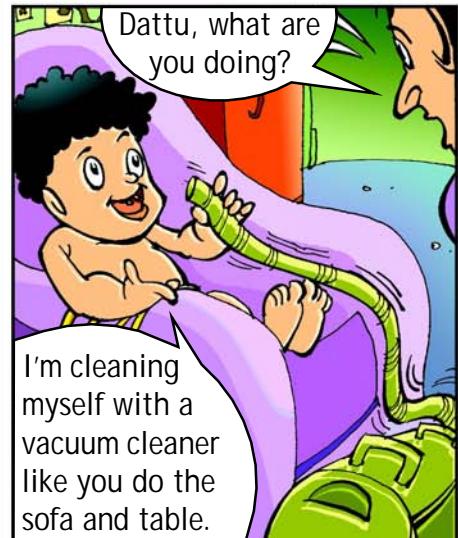
Railway official: How would you know they were late if it wasn't for the timetable?

ଓଟେଇଣା



Father: How were your marks in the exam?
Son: Underwater.
Father: What do you mean?
Son: Below C level.

Dushtu Dattu



The magical talisman

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEE...Maaaaaaaaaaaaaa.” Grandmother was woken up at midnight by the shrieks of her grandson Rahul. She sat up in her bed, and then went to the boy, who was screaming in his sleep. She woke him up, gave him some water, and put him back to sleep.

Rahul was ten years old. He lived with his mother and grandmother in an old house in Rampur. He was a very timid boy. He would howl in fright at the mere sight of an ant. He never ventured out after sunset.

Every night, before Rahul went to bed, he would shut the windows of his room, for he feared ghosts might enter through them and scare him.

If his mother wished to send him on an errand after dusk, he would say, “Ma, I can see a lion behind the banyan tree. I’m afraid to go alone! Please come with me!” or he would imagine a bandit hiding in the branches of the mango tree ready to pounce on him.

He never went out to play with the other boys in the village. They laughed and jibed at him. Not knowing how to retaliate, he would simply go home crying.

Rahul’s mother and grandmother were sick of his snivelling ways. They did not know how to help him overcome his fears.

One evening, when Rahul was doing his homework, a fly buzzed up and began bothering him. He shrieked in fear. His mother came running. “What happened, Rahul? Are you all right?”

He showed her the fly and said, sobbing, “If it bites me, I might get dengue fever!”

She was disgusted. “Rahul! Can’t you shoo away a fly? Must you scream for help? When will you learn to fend for yourself without fear?”

At that time, Rahul’s grandmother was clearing an old steel trunk. She could hear the conversation between mother and son. ‘What are we going to do with this boy?’ she wondered. ‘Wonder what will make him brave?’ As she pulled out some old clothes and an old pair of spectacles, a bunch of yellowed letters and other knick-knacks, something slipped and fell to the ground.

She glanced down impatiently. It was a piece of thick black string. She was about to throw it away, when an idea struck her, ‘Why throw this away? Let’s see if this can cure Rahul!’

She immediately called, “Rahul, come here fast. See what I found in the old box – a talisman! It is a very powerful one. This is actually your grandfather’s. After wearing this, he became very brave and joined Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose’s Indian National Army and fought against the British. You too will become brave if you wear this.”

Saying so, Grandmother tied the thread around his neck. Rahul immediately felt as if his nerves had received a

jolt. He started to feel brave. When he went out that day, he saw a dog.

Usually he ran away at the sight of dogs. But today, he felt bold enough to stand there and stare at it. It was the dog that ran away! This gave him more confidence. Now he felt bold enough to venture out. 'This is all because of the talisman grandma gave me. The dog ran away, instead of barking at me.'

Rahul now felt that the magical talisman had some power. He went out and played with his friends. When they tried to overpower him, he fought fearlessly. His friends were surprised by his newfound courage.

Soon Rahul was not afraid of going out even after dark. He feared no one and saw the trees in the backyard only as trees and would not imagine the presence of ghosts on them.

One night, Rahul was awakened by some noise. Not wanting to wake his mother or grandmother, he silently went round the house to investigate. As he peeped out through the front door, he saw a gang of four robbers trying to enter the house. He heard the gang planning to split themselves and enter the house independently. Rahul knew that he had to do something.

Rahul immediately ran into the kitchen. He grabbed the chilli powder jar.

One of the robbers headed for the kitchen window. Rahul stationed himself in the kitchen and threw some chilli powder into the eyes of the robber as soon as he jumped in. The man did not shout, fearing that he might wake up the inmates of the house. Rahul immediately locked him up in the kitchen and ran out.

He then saw another robber jumping from the compound wall to the wall of the well. Rahul went behind

him and pushed him into the well. 'Just two more robbers to go,' thought Rahul. He went in search of the other two. He found one trying to open the cupboard in the puja room. He locked the room from outside.

The fourth man suddenly realised that his mates had not reached their respective positions. He guessed that something had gone amiss and went in search of them. Rahul noticed him as he crept out of the house. Rahul ran out through the back door and pulled out the ropes his grandmother used to tie their cows.

He tied the ropes between the two posts at a place towards which the robber seemed to be heading. True enough, the robber came there and tripped over it. Rahul immediately tied him to one of the posts.

Rahul then went and woke his mother and asked her to keep an eye on them. He ran to the police station and narrated how he had caught four robbers. Soon the four were in police custody.

The Inspector was surprised by Rahul's courage. He praised him profusely.

He also arranged for Rahul to get a scholarship for further studies. Rahul was now the talk of the village.

That night, Rahul went up to his grandmother and said, "Grandmother, all this praise must really go to you. It was you who gave me this magical talisman. I became brave only after I started wearing it."

Grandmother began laughing. She said, "Do you really think that there is something magical about this talisman? You needed faith in yourself. I just gave you that in the form of a talisman. That is no magical talisman. Nor was it ever worn by your grandfather. It is just some old thread. You don't need it any more. It has served its purpose! Throw it away!"

- By Vidhya Raj



Shrouded serenity Manikaran



The mystic Himalayas, with high snow-capped peaks, deep gorges, and rambling rivers, offers the tourist a wide variety of picturesque spots to visit. The Kullu Valley in the Himalayas, often called the Silver Valley or the Land of the Gods, is one such much loved tourist destination. Situated in this picturesque valley is Manikaran, in the State of Himachal Pradesh.

Manikaran, at an altitude of 1,737m, is famous for its hot water springs. Manikaran is situated on the banks of River Parvati. It is believed that a bath in these hot springs will cure one of all ailments. The hot springs gush out from below the rocks. The temperature of the water varies from 88°C to 95°C. It is believed that the water of these springs is so hot that rice can be cooked in it in just 20 minutes!

Geologists have found that uranium and other radioactive materials are present in the waters of these springs. Manikaran is also a place of worship, for both Sikhs and Hindus. The Gurudwara here has been built to commemorate the visit of the first Sikh guru, Guru Nanak. He is said to have meditated here. The Raghunathji Temple, situated at Manikaran, was built in the 15th century. This temple dedicated to Lord Rama attracts a large number of devotees.

How to get there: Manikaran is located 45 km from Kullu. It can be reached only by road. The nearest airport is at Bhunter (Kullu), 35 km away.

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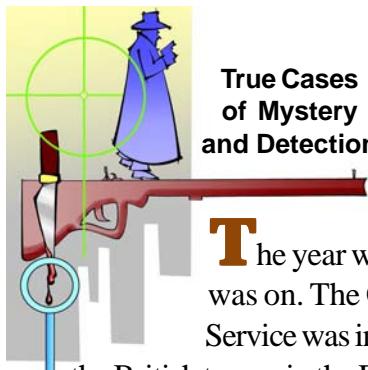
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I, B. Viswanatha Reddi, do hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

1st March 2003

B. VISWANATHA REDDI

Publisher



THE ELUSIVE SPY

The year was 1917; the first World War was on. The Chief of the British Secret Service was in a dilemma. He was with the British troops in the East when he learnt that the area occupied by the Army was full of enemy spies. He was pondering the best method of training the soldiers to cope with this menace.

Soon, Mannering, as the officer was known, heard rumours that one Fritz, a German secret service agent, was constantly behind the British lines in disguise seeking vital information. But no proofs could be found of the presence of Fritz or his activities. Could it then be just a rumour?

Nevertheless, Mannering brought the matter to the notice of his superiors. They decided to alert the troops. Orders were issued to keep a sharp lookout for the German spy.

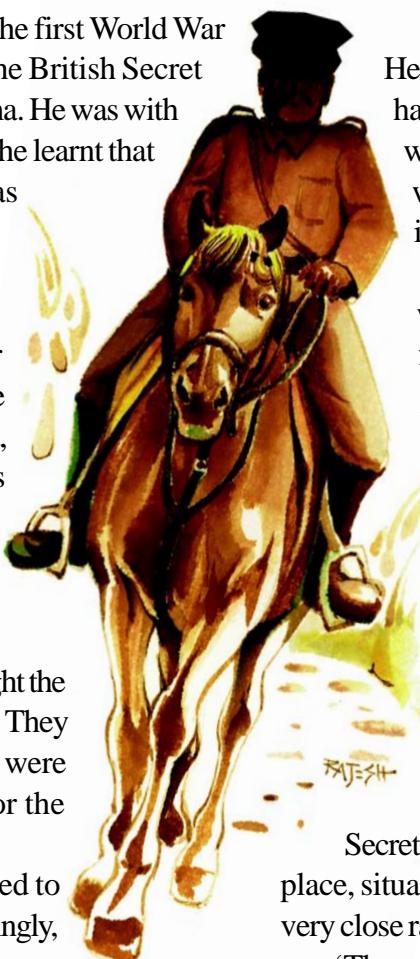
One day, Mannering was asked to visit a prisoner-of-war camp. Surprisingly, his identity appears to have been known there. For, when he arrived, he was told that a certain Greek prisoner, a deserter from the Turkish Army, wished to see him. When they met, Mannering was taken aback at what the prisoner told him.

“Sir, I know the man you are after. In fact, I was for some time working for one Fritz!”

“What? Are you kidding?” asked the bewildered detective.

“No, no! Not in the least,” reassured the Greek. “If you can arrange for my release, I would do my best to help you capture him.”

After much thought Mannering agreed to the proposal. But before making his decision known, he took the prisoner to the Greek Consulate and made sure that he was really a Greek.



Now the Greek put forth some conditions. He explained that it was a quarrel with Fritz that had compelled him to part ways. However, he was now prepared to go back, provided he was supplied with some secret military information.

This would make Fritz trust him. He would then try to induce Fritz to come over from the Turkish lines to a specified meeting place. It would be quite simple then to capture him. The Greek was supplied with some harmless information to fulfil his purpose. He was then released and he quickly slipped away.

A week passed by. True to his word, the Greek reappeared and reported that Fritz would be coming within the British lines on a particular day. The Greek had arranged an ideal location for the rendezvous between the chief of the British Secret Service and the German spy. It was a remote place, situated in a dry watercourse and only visible at very close range.

‘The mysterious Fritz will finally fall into my net,’ thought Mannering as he rode, full of hope, to the secret place. As he drew near, he was glad to see the Greek already standing there beside his horse.

So the man had kept his promise. He informed him that Fritz and an orderly were inside the British lines. They would soon make their appearance. While waiting, they entered into casual conversation. The Greek produced enough documentary evidence to prove that he was still closely associated with Fritz.

“Are you armed, sir?” suddenly asked the Greek.

“Yes, I am,” replied the Intelligence Officer.

“Then, as soon as you see Fritz, shoot him down!” advised the other.

It was only when dusk fell that a figure on horseback was seen approaching from a distance. “That’s the orderly,

disguised in British uniform. Fritz will soon follow behind!" whispered the Greek.

The orderly rode up to the Greek and handed some papers. Then he informed him in German that Fritz, pursued by the British troops, had to return to the Turkish lines. The Greek at once showed surprise and disappointment. Nevertheless, he assured Mannering that Fritz would, in a few days, again come over to the British lines. He promised to arrange another meeting.

Something had struck the detective as strange when he heard the orderly speaking to the Greek. They had both conversed in fluent German. Why not in Greek? But he now saw no alternative but to consent to the Greek's suggestion. For he was still hopeful of catching the elusive Fritz!

"At this juncture, I cannot allow the orderly to return to the enemy camp. For, as you know, a secret known by three is no secret! He must forthwith be arrested," Mannering said firmly.

The Greek saw the point and agreed. The orderly was standing some yards away tending his horse. The

Greek requested

Mannering to look over to the other side of the ravine, to make sure the road was clear. "Then we will get hold of the man," he said.

Mannering put his hand on the trigger of his automatic pistol in his pocket. He then led his horse some distance away and quickly swung himself into the saddle. At that moment, there were two loud deafening bangs. Bullets whizzed past him. Turning round, he was stunned to see both the orderly and the Greek firing at him. His horse bounded about in fright, while he covered his assailants as best as he could and opened fire. The orderly was severely hit. The Greek coolly galloped away and was soon lost in the horizon. He was

followed by the orderly's horse with an empty saddle.

Mannering dismounted and went up to the man who lay fatally wounded on the ground. To his utter disbelief he discovered that the dying orderly was a woman! Apparently she was a German, dressed as a man in British uniform. Soon she passed away.

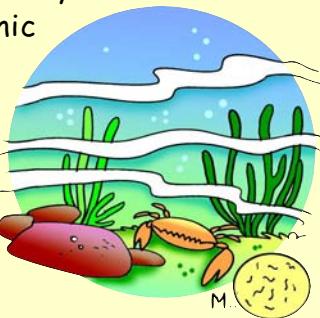
The sun had already set when the officer rode homeward. He felt unhappy and was ashamed at having killed a woman, though unwittingly. The Greek had tricked him. The Greek and his woman accomplice had both tried to murder him. Could Mannering have acted otherwise? 'If only I had got the Greek instead of the woman!' he thought.

Who was the Greek? Who was the German woman? Where was the elusive Fritz? They remained a mystery, but not for long!

Some months after the War ended, Mannering received a letter. When he read it, he closed his eyes in shock and disbelief. It all seemed to him a great fantasy! The elusive Fritz was neither a bogey nor a myth! He was real and the most efficient and resourceful of all German Secret Service agents in the whole of the Great World War.

The Greek was Fritz himself! Sadly, the orderly was his wife! One day, some years later, in a cafeteria in a territory under British occupation, Fritz and Mannering happened to meet face to face. They did recognise each other. Perhaps they smiled at one another, too. But they did not speak a word!

Did you know that there is life even at the bottom of the deepest ocean where no sunlight reaches? Prominent among these strange forms of life are some kinds of bacteria that survive by living around volcanic vents on the ocean floor. The bacteria are eaten by other animals, such as very long tube-worms, crabs, shrimps, and giant clams.



FUN TIMES



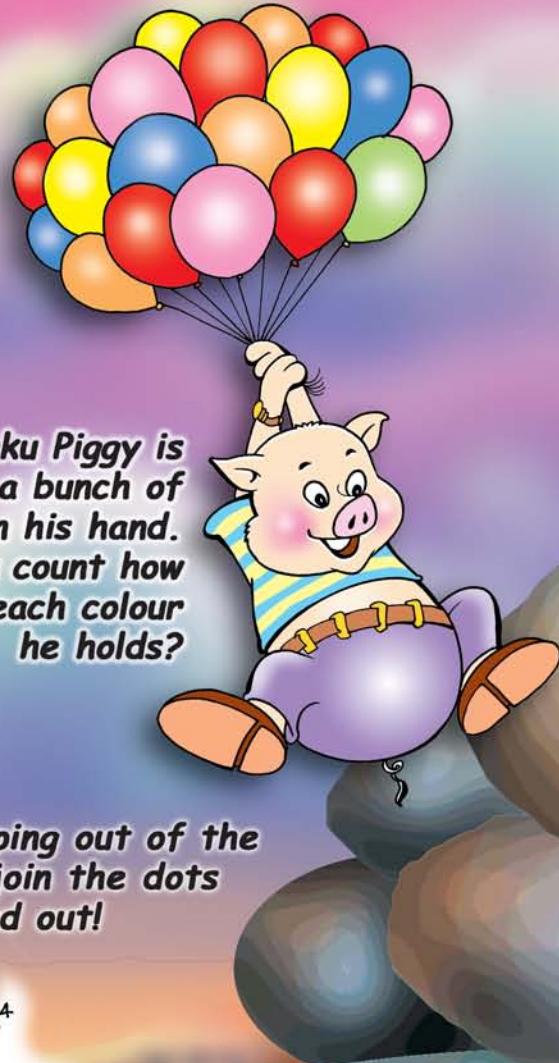
Gullu Doggy is having a great time at the swing. Why don't you add colour to make him more jolly?



Here's a bumper activity for you. Hidden in the caterpillar are the names of five animals. Can you find them?

H Q U E F F A R I G O N O O I L M

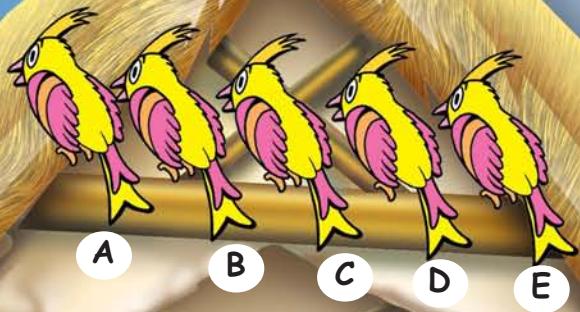
Tinku Piggy is holding a bunch of balloons in his hand. Can you count how many in each colour he holds?



Who's that jumping out of the water? Just join the dots and find out!



All these birds look similar,
but one of them is different.
Find out which one.



Ronu Rabbit is fond
of biscuits. She has
many biscuits on the
plate; can you match
the one in her hand
to the right plate?



MAHE..

Answers on
page 64



THE BRIBE

This is a great little story about a merchant and a vegetable vendor who were neighbours. The vegetable vendor was poor but honest, but the merchant was cunning and shrewd. The merchant lent out money on high rates of interest.

One day, the vegetable vendor approached the merchant with some hesitation. "Can I have a loan of Rs. 1,000 to buy a buffalo? I'm told the milk business is very profitable, so I would like to do this in addition to vegetable vending." The merchant gave him the money but on a very high rate of interest. The vegetable vendor promised to repay the loan in instalments.

He bought a buffalo, but soon found that the going was tough. Maintaining a buffalo was not easy; he had to build a shed for it, buy its feed, employ someone to take it out to graze and to milk it, and he had to buy cans to store the milk, too.

Being an honest fellow, he did not want to dilute milk with water to increase its quantity. In short, he did not make any money at all from the business. In fact, he ran into a loss. So much so, when the time came to return the loan, he had no money even to pay one instalment on time.

The merchant kept on reminding him of the pending payments, but the vegetable vendor would only shake his head and say, "Next month, sir. I've got nothing to give you this month."

At last the merchant got vexed. He began threatening the vendor. But all that the vendor ever said was: "I'm sorry, sir. What can I do? I've no money."

The vendor pleaded with the merchant to give him a few more months' time to save whatever he could and repay the loan, but the merchant refused to listen.

He brought a case against the vendor in the panchayat. Now the village headman was very corrupt. He knew that the merchant was rich and would not mind giving him a big bribe. So he kept postponing the case. Every time the case came up for hearing, he would put it off with some flimsy excuse. "My little finger hurts!" he would say, or "My cow is sick! I can't come!"

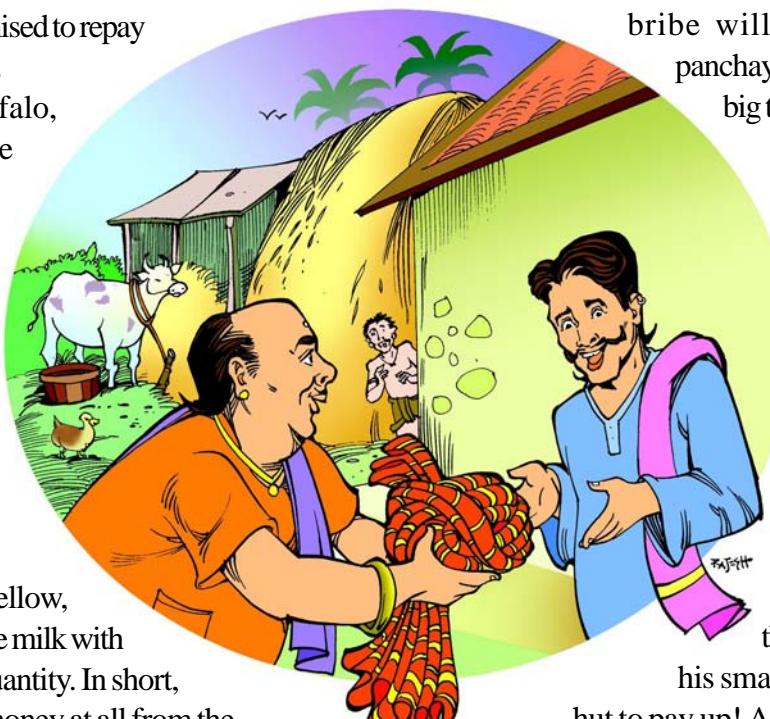
At last the merchant took the hint. 'A bribe will bring that man to the panchayat,' he thought. He bought a big turban and secretly presented it to the headman. The man accepted it happily.

But — here comes the twist in the story — the headman's servant was witness to this incident. He ran to the vendor with the news. "Now he will surely win!" said the servant, breathlessly.

The poor vendor was quite desperate. If he lost the case, he would have to sell his small patch of land and smaller hut to pay up! And where would he then go with his family?

He thought for a while and then ran to the headman with a gift. It was the buffalo! The headman was overjoyed to receive it.

He immediately called the panchayat to meet. The vendor and the merchant were both summoned. After listening to both of them, the headman muttered away to the four doddering old men in the panchayat — who could not hear anything — and then he declared: "What can the poor vegetable vendor do if his milk trade failed? When

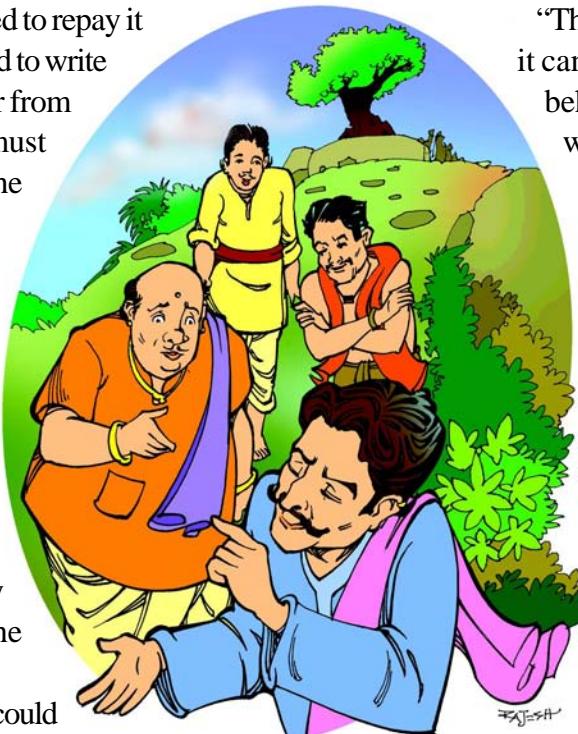


he took the loan, he had intended to repay it on time. The merchant is advised to write off the loan and free the vendor from his obligations. Now I really must rush home – the milk was on the stove when I left and it must have boiled by now!" Leaving everyone gaping, he buzzed off and the panchayat was dissolved.

The merchant was aghast. He ran behind the headman. "What happened to the turban I gave you?"

The headman replied, "My friend, it was eaten up by the buffalo!"

The merchant groaned. He could not make anything of the answer. What had gone wrong to his grand plan of bribing his way to a victory?



"The buffalo might eat the turban. But it cannot digest it!" said a voice from behind. Both men swung around. It was the vendor and there were tears in his eyes. "I have never cheated and I will not do it now!" he told them. "I won't let the buffalo swallow the turban. Please, my friend, wait for two months and I shall sell my vegetable business and pay you back. That will be my punishment for bribing this crazy headman." And he poured out the whole story to the merchant.

The vendor's honesty and remorse touched the hearts of the other two men.

The headman took a vow not to take bribes and the merchant vowed not to ask for the money until the vendor was in a position to repay, without having to sell his land or house.

Just one last!

Jillu was a notorious thief. He had committed many thefts – in big houses, shops, even banks. The police were in search of him and a red alert had been sounded all over the city. At last he was caught. When the police produced him at the court and proved his guilt before the bench, the jury sentenced him to death.

Before he was executed, his executioners asked him, "What is your last wish? We shall try to fulfil it if we can!"

The thief promptly said, "I shall sing my swan song! It is a song I myself composed!"

The executioners agreed and the thief began to sing.

The executioners gasped: the song was certainly not the thief's own composition. They recognized it as a very popular song written by a very famous songwriter.

"You liar!" they accused him. "How dare you call it your song? We hear this song every day on the radio!"

"Yes, I'm glad you recognised it," retorted the thief. "You see, that was my last theft. Now ta-ta!"

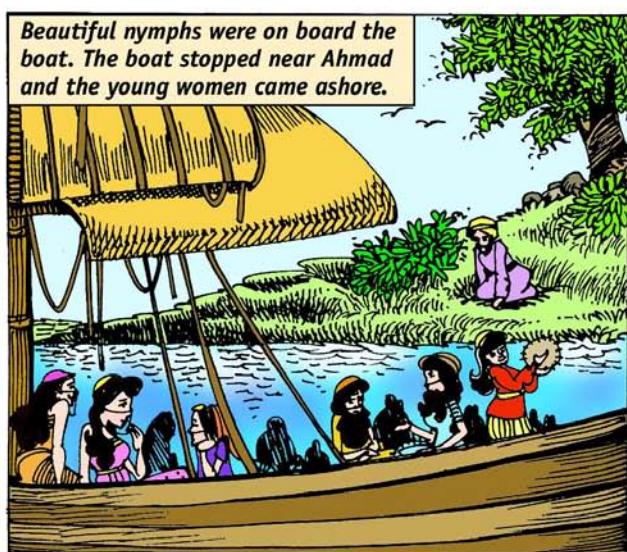


The Arabian Nights : The Forbidden Door

Ahmad sat wondering where he was and what to do next, when he saw a boat sailing towards him.

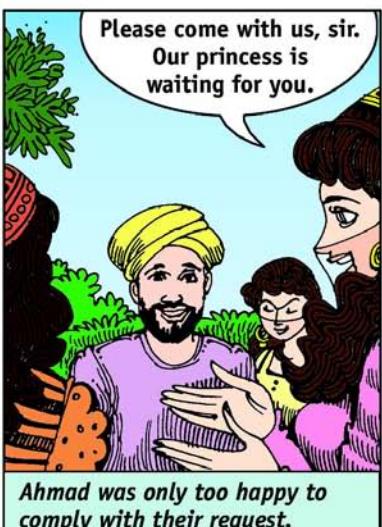


Beautiful nymphs were on board the boat. The boat stopped near Ahmad and the young women came ashore.



Please come with us, sir. Our princess is waiting for you.

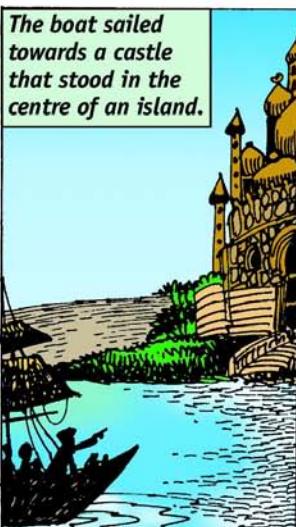
The boat sailed towards a castle that stood in the centre of an island.



Ahmad and the damsels alighted from the boat. He was then ushered into the presence of the princess. Ahmad stood spellbound by her beauty.

My lord, I've so long been waiting for you .

Many me and you will become the king of this island.

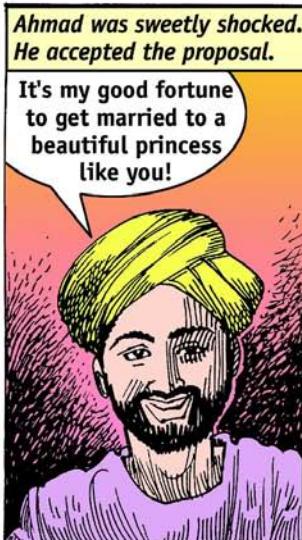


Ahmad was only too happy to comply with their request.

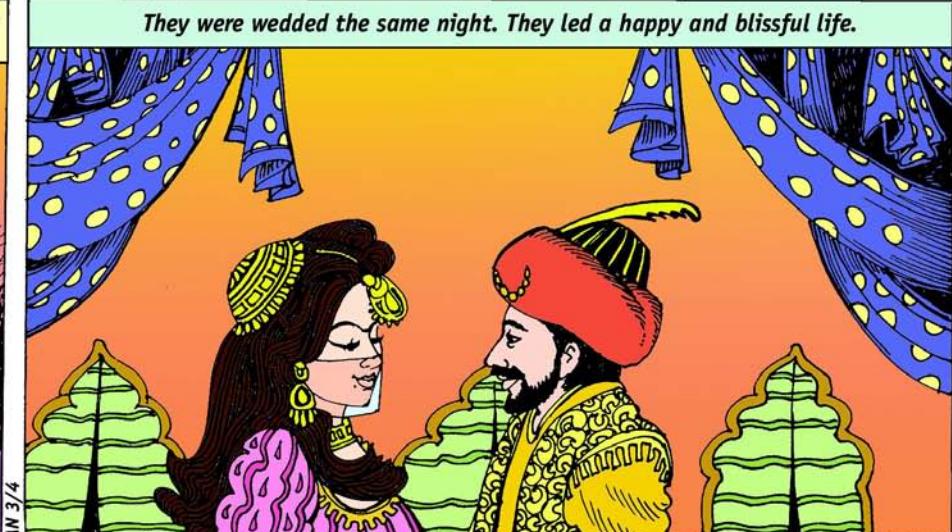


Ahmad was sweetly shocked. He accepted the proposal.

It's my good fortune to get married to a beautiful princess like you!

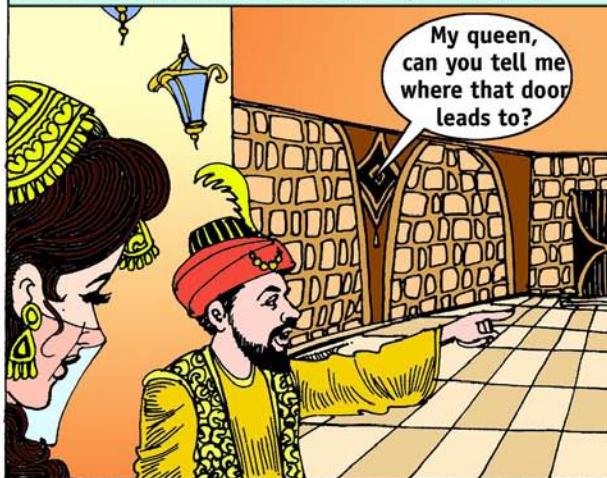


They were wedded the same night. They led a happy and blissful life.



The Arabian Nights : The Forbidden Door

One day, as they both strolled on the roof of the castle, Ahmad saw a black door at one end of the terrace.



Oh, never wish or try to know about that, my lord!

The queen hurriedly left the place. Ahmad kept quiet, only for the moment though.

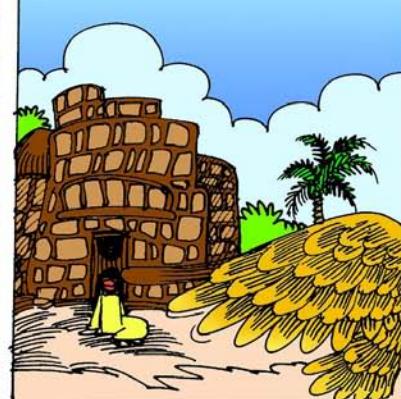
He spent a restless night. Thoughts of the forbidden door back home came to him.

But I only benefited by disobeying my master. Who knows? There might be greater wonders behind this door, too.

He got up from his bed and tiptoed to the roof. Opening the door, he stepped inside carefully.



It flew over the vast sea and dropped Ahmad next to another black door. He got up and opened the door...



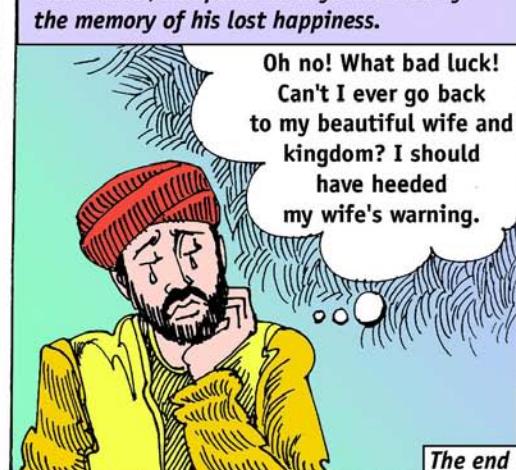
He found himself in the underground chamber of his own house.



He turned back and tried to open the black door. But there was nothing but a wall.



Never in his life did he smile again. Like his late master, he spent his days haunted by the memory of his lost happiness.

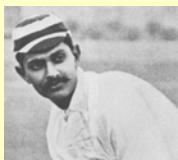


The end

cricket comes to India

Cricket took roots in India in the early years of the 18th century, thanks to the English officials who were part of the government. Members of the royal households in some of the princely states joined the cricket clubs started by the Britishers in big cities and towns. The

Parsi young men of then Bombay and Poona also promoted the game among the upper middle class gentry. It was a Parsi team which first toured England in 1886, and three years later, the first England team led by George Vernon visited India. Lord Hawke, who was a member of that team, was greatly impressed with the standard of play in India and he brought a second team in 1892.



King of cricket

In the first decade of the 20th century, the name of Prince Ranjitsinhji was on every cricket lover's lips.

He was playing for England. It may look strange, but he never played cricket on Indian soil! Yet he is considered as the "Father of Indian cricket" and often described as "a prince of a small state, but the king of a great game." The National Championship, the Ranji Trophy, is the country's tribute to that great cricketer. Ranjitsinhji was the first Indian to play for the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC) against Australia - in 1896. In the first match he scored 62 (n.o.) and 154 and took 6 wickets. Ranji also captained the Sussex County team from 1899 to 1903.



Century on debut

K.S. Duleepsinhji, nephew of 'Ranji', and the Nawab of Pataudi, Sr, also played for England and scored a century each in their first match itself. Pataudi later played for India and he captained the Indian team that toured England in 1946. Twenty years later, his son Mansoor Ali Khan, the Nawab of Pataudi Jr, became India's captain - the first instance of a father and son leading their country's teams. Pataudi Jr was then India's youngest captain.

First clubs

The first club - Calcutta Cricket Club - was formed in 1792 and it had only Englishmen as members. In 1848 was formed the Orient Club in Bombay by the Parsis. They took a team to England in 1886, and played 28 matches and won one.



A dashing cricketer

That was how Ratilal Ghelabhai, a classmate of Gandhiji, described him. He was then a teenager in a school in Rajkot, Gujarat, where he was regularly playing cricket. "Mohandas evinced a keen interest in the game. He was good at both bowling and batting," according to Mr. Ghelabhai.



Youngest centurion



**Sachin
Tendulkar**

Sachin Tendulkar was only 17 yrs 112 days when he scored 118 not out against England at Manchester on August 14, 1990.



Some firsts...

First tournament

The first tournament in India between Europeans and the Parsis was held in 1892. Two matches each were played in Bombay and Poona. In 1907 the Hindus joined the tournament, which then came to be called the *Triangular*. The Mohammedans entered in 1912 and the tournament was known as *Quadrangular*. A fifth team - the Rest — was added in 1937, and the series came to be called the *Pentangular*.



First Test in India

India played England at Bombay on December 15-18, 1933. India lost by 9 wickets.



First Test victory

India led by Vijay Hazare defeated England at Madras on Feb. 10, 1952. Centuries were made by Pankaj Roy (111) and P.R.Umrigar (130 n.o.), while Vinoo Mankad took 12 wickets for 108 runs.



Vijay Hazare



First century



Lala Amarnath

Lala Amarnath scored 118 runs against England in Bombay (1933).



First double century

P.R.Umrigar scored 223 against New Zealand in the first Test at Hyderabad in 1955. In the second Test at Bombay, Vinoo Mankad made the same score (223).



Vino Mankad

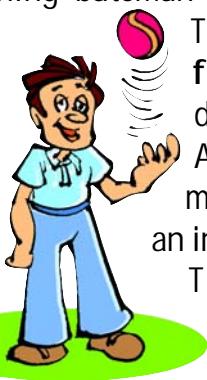


India through 7 World Cups

India won the World Cup only once - in 1983. The West Indies were the champions in the 1st and 2nd World Cups, in 1975 and 1979. India is credited with some distinctions in one or another World Cup appearances.

First delivery

The first match of the 1st World Cup was played between India and England. England batted first. The first ball was bowled by Madan Lal. The opening batsman was J.A.Jameson.



The first wicket to fall was to the delivery of Mohinder Amarnath, who was making his debut in an international match.

The batsman out was Jameson.



The first hat-trick

Hat-tricks are rare. In the 203 one-dayers played since 1930, hat-tricks were made in only 14 matches. Two hat-tricks came from Chetan Sharma of India in 1987. Sharma's hat-trick was scored at Nagpur on October 31 when India was playing New Zealand. India very much wished to avoid the prospect of going to Lahore to meet Pakistan in the semi-final. So India needed to win the match at a good run rate.



Chetan Sharma got the wickets of Ken Rutherford, Ian Smith, and Ivan Chattfield. He shared the Man of the Match Award with Sunil Gavaskar who scored a century.





Man of the Match

The first Indian player to win the award in World Cup was Farokh Engineer, in 1975. Mohinder Amarnath got the award twice in the 1983 World Cup, in India's semi-final as well as the final.

Sixer Sidhu

The 4th World Cup was on. The Indian selectors were in a dilemma. Who would be the third batsman? The choice before them was Sanjay Manjrekar or Navjot Singh Sidhu, who had by then earned the nickname "Sixer Sidhu". The choice fell on him. India's first match was against Australia. Sidhu's score of 73 runs from 79 balls included five sixes. He scored four sixes when India played New Zealand later at Bangalore.

All wickets intact

The first team to gain a 10 wicket victory was India in a pool match in the 1st World Cup (1975). The match was against East Africa, who won the toss and batted first, scoring 120 runs in 55.3 overs. In reply, India scored 123 runs in 29.5 overs without losing a single wicket. India's captain was S. Venkataraghavan.

Highest partnership

Two highest partnerships recorded in World Cup history were made by Indian players. In the 1999 tournament, Rahul Dravid and Saurav Ganguly made 318 runs for the 2nd wicket against Sri Lanka. In another match Rahul Dravid paired with Sachin Tendulkar to score 237 not out against Kenya.



World Cup Victory

India pulled off a veritable coup when they beat West Indies in the final of the 3rd World Cup by 43 runs. West Indies were the winners in the first (1975) and 2nd (1979) World Cups, in which they won all the five pool matches each — except one in the 2nd Cup schedule, which remained incomplete because of rain. So, in the 3rd Cup (1983), they appeared invincible. However, the first blow was struck by India when the two teams met on June 8 for a pool match at Old Trafford, Manchester.

West Indies won the toss and sent in India to bat. India made 262 for 8 in 60 overs. West Indies were all out for 228 in 54.1 overs. It was

their first defeat in World Cup. However, both teams won their semi-finals and met for the final on June 25 at Lord's.

A victory for India had not been predicted, so much so, the final outcome was considered one of the greatest achievements in India's sports history.

Once again, West Indies won the toss and put India to bat. India were all out for 183 runs.

In their reply, West Indies could make only 140 in 52 overs, giving victory to India by 43 runs.

Skipper Kapil Dev held aloft the Prudential Cup with pride.

Since that day, West Indies had not been able to regain the World Cup.





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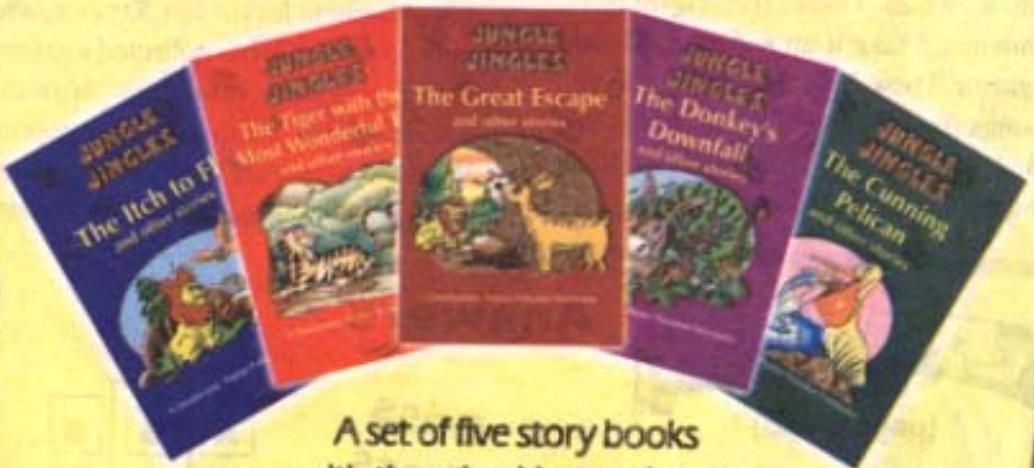


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By e-mail from **Ketan Patel**:

I very much like to read *Chandamama*. It is very educative and informative. I like the series on Lord Ganesa. Also the stories by Ruskin Bond. They are very nice. So also the stories of King Vikram and the Vetala. I read these items at once I get the copy. I eagerly await the arrival of the magazine. My parents, too, love to read *Chandamama*.

Reader **R.K. Prasad** writes from New Delhi:

I was an ardent reader of *Ambili Ammavan* (Malayalam) in my school days. Even now when I see the cover of *Chandamama*, I take it up and read. I love the magazine. These days, the reading habit is nil among urban children. *Chandamama* can definitely do miracles to develop the habit among children with its classic stories.



By e-mail from **Rama Manohar**:

I have been a regular reader of *Chandamama*. I like the Vikram-Vetala stories very much. I am reading *Chandamama*-both the English and Telugu copies. The English copy has some good stories. I will remain a great fan of *Chandamama*.

Reader **Ajay Ranjan Chuber** writes from Muzaffarpur (Bihar):

I have been reading *Chandamama* for the last 12 years. I am now in college. I find the magazine very interesting. My father has been a consistent reader of *Chandamama* for the last 30 years, when its price was only 75 paise. He has collected and preserved pages of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* from *Chandamama*. I request you to reprint these stories. What I like most are the Vikram-Vetala stories.

FUN TIME!

(page 54-55)

Tinku Teddy is holding 4-Brown, 5-Red, 3-Yellow, 3-Blue, 3-Pink, 1-Green Balloons.

Bird 'D' is different.

Ronu Rabbit's biscuit matches with plate 2.

Mouse, Lion, Cat, Ant, Giraffe are the animal names hidden in the caterpillar.

Are you smart? (page 43)

- Three minutes
- Nine
- Neither. Eight and eight make 16!
- Two mangoes
- Long time no see (C)

Answers

Criss Cross

1	A	S	S	A	(page 43)			
2	B	A	T					
3	C	R	Y					
10	E	D	E	A	C	E	B	S
11				13			5	A
B	V	I	B	R	A	T	I	O
12				14			N	N
13	E	N	B	A	S	H	N	T
14								
7	S	T	Y					
8	S	I	N					
9	I	C	E					

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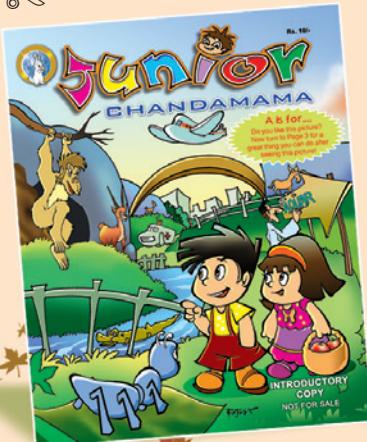
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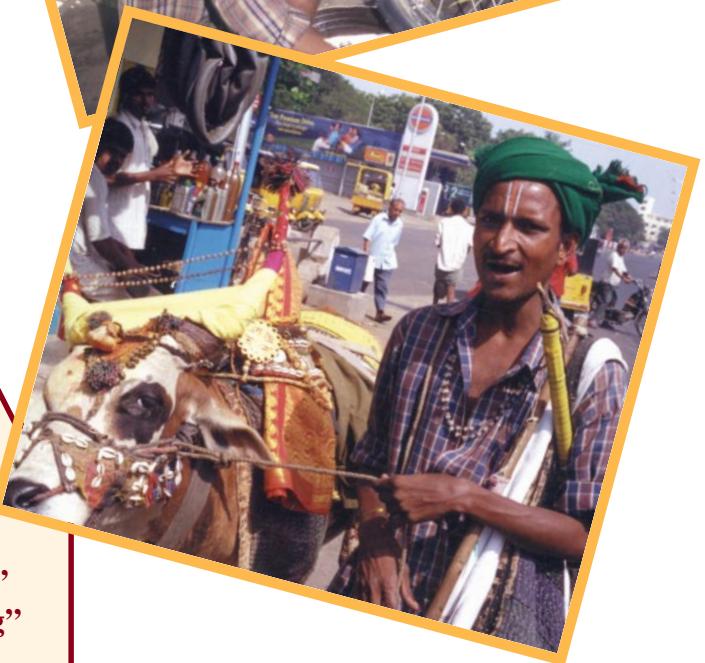
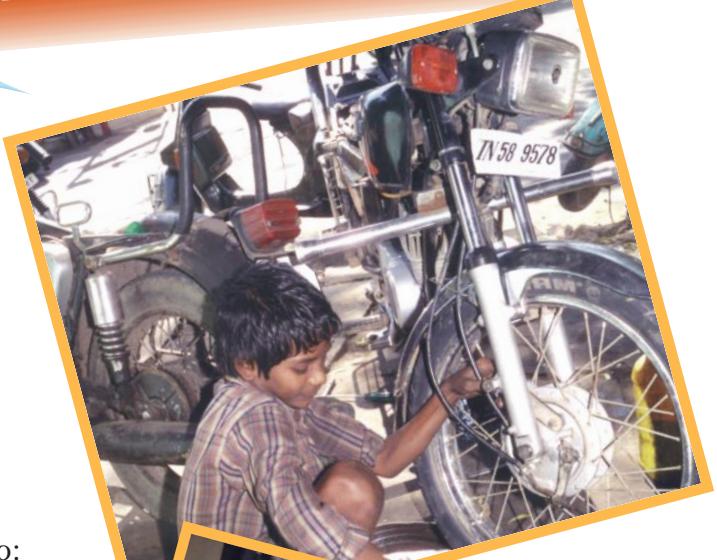


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